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HEREAFTER.

BY J. J. B.

Whether or no we shall roam the hereafter
Together, as once in the days that are dead,
I hold that this life, with its tears and its laughter,
Is blessed, thrice blest, for the love that it bred.

What? Doubt, do I doubt? Do I sing as uncertain
Our love, song and rapture exhausted by death?
No, no, they survive, and death is but the curtain
Which is dropt, for a space, to give singers their breath.

Yes, yes, we shall meet at this life's seeming ending,
Love more, and not less, not forgetting nor dazed,
We have lived, we have loved, and in measure ascending,
We shall live, we shall love, when the curtain is raised.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE Farm garden was all ablaze with midsummer flowers. On either side of the narrow gravel path they crowded one upon the other in sweet wild confusion—pink and crimson double-poppies nodding their heads in the gentle breeze, tufts of white pinks, golden marigolds, and deep-blue lupins, feathery sprays of "old man," with its strange pungent odor, deep-eyed purple pansies, and old-fashioned cabbage roses; and behind them all a hedge of sweetbriar, with tall spikes of many colored hollyhocks and great broad-faced sunflowers in a row, with here and there a stately lily standing up pure and white and virginal, like some dainty lady lifting her delicate head above the crowd of humbler village beauties around her.

The bees were having a good time of it in Mayfield Farm garden this morning. Such a buzzing and humming there was in the air—such a whirring of wings—such a hurrying to and fro between the flower borders and the deep straw-thatched hives along the southern wall—the wall upon which Kathleen sat and watched them with quietly-absorbed eyes!

There was not a fairer flower in all the old Farm garden than Kathleen herself! She sat very still upon the wall, her white sun-bonnet, that cast soft shadows upon her rose-tinted face, tilted a little bit forward over her eyes, her arms straightened out behind her, the small fingers, browned by the sun, but fine and delicate in shape, clenching the rough bricks and the moss against which they rested, her lithe young figure in its simple cotton gown, inclining backwards so that her even symmetrical outline was shown off in all its natural grace, whilst not all the disfigurement of coarse woven cotton stockings and homely village-made shoes could conceal the perfectly-made little feet and the slender ankles that peeped forth one above the other beneath the hem of her dress.

Could this graceful child, with her rare beauty and natural air of distinction, be really and truly the daughter of old Farmer Dobson and Jean, his honest hard-working wife?

Nobody in Mayfield had ever asked themselves the question—save perhaps Mr. Englefield the clergyman, or Doctor Greeves as he passed her by on his way mounted on his high dog-cart.

The rest of the village world troubled itself very little about her. She was, they thought, "just an idle, feckless little thing," spoilt and petted, and brought up to do nothing by her over-indulgent parents.

Kathleen was quite happy in her own way. The flowers were her children tended and watered by her own hands; the bees were her daily companions; the little dog that sat watching her with quivering tail, the kitten that rubbed his soft fluffy back against her foot, were her friends.

She was quite happy; she was fond of her father and her mother with a sort of vague unquestioning fondness. Nobody was unkind to her, no one ever spoke cross words to her. She had hardly shed a single tear in all her short life. She was perhaps a little selfish; but then she had not a care in the world, so how could she be otherwise?

And yet, at this very hour, as she sat in the sunshine watching the bees as they buried themselves murmuringly in the golden hearts of the scented flowers, trouble and change were on their way towards her; the last note of her innocent child-life had struck, and new things were about to befall her.

Mrs. Dobson was behind the house in the chicken-yard tending her young broods, little fluffy creatures that hurried forward at her approach to devour the contents of the tin bowl poured out on the ground for their benefit; the good woman, who was broad-featured and rough, quite unlike the delicate dream-child in the flower-garden, had turned up the skirt of her dress over her head to protect it from the sun, and was duly engrossed with her occupation.

She had a keen eye for all her feathered charges, flung a special scrap of meat to the chick in the background, separated two belligerents with her iron spoon, drove away the elders in favor of the younger and weaker fledgelings, and was altogether quite in her element, when suddenly, looking up at the distant sound of approaching wheels, she perceived over the farm wall a smart mail-phaeton approaching the house rapidly down the hill.

Mrs. Dobson stood upright and shaded her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the afternoon sun. There was something of disquietude in her attitude. The carriage drew nearer and nearer. There were two handsome stepping bay horses in it, a neat groom behind, and a middle-aged gentleman dressed in deep mourning on the driving-seat.

With a sudden exclamation of surprise and dismay, Mrs. Dobson dropped her hand and her bowl of chicken-meal simultaneously, and hurried back into the house.

Everybody was in the hay-field—men, maids, and master—on this fine summer day—everybody but herself and Kathleen. Where was Kathleen, by-the-way? Safe out of the way, she hoped. Perhaps she had gone down to the hay-field too.

Mrs. Dobson turned into the best parlor, smoothed her rumpled locks at the glass, and held her hand for a moment over her fast beating heart.

"I could not be mistaken!" she murmured nervously. "It's years ago, but I should know him anywhere! Just the same cold hard face, only a little gryver and older. What can he want?"

Then her sharp ears caught the clatter of hobnailed boots in the back passage. One of the farm-boys had come to the house on some trifling errand.

"Run, run, Jim!" cried the mistress to him. "Put down that beer-can, and run as fast as ever you can back to the field! Tell Mr. Dobson to come home at once; he is wanted very particular, tell him, up at the house."

Jim sped off with shambling but rapid steps, and Mrs. Dobson breathed more freely.

"I could not face his lordship alone!" she muttered to herself as the phaeton and its smart pair of horses came dashing up to the front-door.

Mayfield Farm was a solid red-brick and gabled old house, with twisted chimneys and deep overhanging eaves. The little gravel sweep in front was as neat as the approach to a gentleman's house; and the roses and clematis clambering all round the lattice windows rendered the place picturesque and thoroughly homelike in appearance. There was a look of comfort "and well-to-do-ness" about it which the gentleman noted with approving eyes as he drove up to the door.

"It wasn't such a bad home for the girl after all," he said to himself, whilst the groom was ringing the bell.

The porch door stood wide open, and as the bell rang, the farmer's wife herself, curtseying shyly, stood in the open doorway.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Dobson within?"

"I am Mrs. Dobson, my lord."

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I remember you. I want to speak to you, Mrs. Dobson—to you and to your good husband."

Lord Elwyn followed Mrs. Dobson into the best parlor, still called at Mayfield by that old-fashioned name. His eyes, as he entered, took in the old prints upon the faded walls, the blue-and-white china upon the mantel-shelf, the great bowl of pot-pourri on the table, the little collection of English poets and standard novels in the bookcase against the wall.

There was nothing pretentious about Mrs. Dobson's best parlor. It was all very simple, but it was all good of its kind; and there were an open rosewood cottage piano with some music upon it and some fresh flowers in vases about the room, that gave yet further evidence of feminine refinement in the little parlor.

Lord Elwyn had assuredly paid no attention to all these details the last time he had been in this very room seventeen years before.

"You will wonder what has brought me to Mayfield, Mrs. Dobson," said the great man to the farmer's wife.

Mrs. Dobson did wonder very much indeed, and wished from the bottom of her heart that her good man would make haste and come up from the hay-field.

If she had had the strength of mind to make any rejoinder to her visitor's remark, she would have said, 'No good, I'll be bound!'—but, as that would scarcely have been a civil remark, she only curtseyed again, and, casting down her eyes, awaited the issues of fate.

"I have had a great sorrow this year," said Lord Elwyn gravely. "I have lost my only son."

The woman's eyes sought his sympathetically.

"Dear me, my lord, I am very sorry to hear it!" she said feelingly.

"I will not dwell on it," he added a little hurriedly. "I mentioned it only to arrive more easily at the object of my visit. My poor son was fifteen—he died of consumption, abroad. Perhaps you know that I have no other child—by my present wife, I mean," he added hastily, catching a curious look of surprise in the woman's eyes. "In these circumstances Lady Elwyn and myself have determined, if it is in any way feasible, to acknowledge Kathleen, and have her to live with us."

"Oh, Lord Elwyn, you would not surely take her away from us!"

"Have I not a right?" he asked coldly.

"After all these years—and she knows nothing! Oh, it is hard!"—and poor Mrs. Dobson burst into tears.

There was a heavy step upon the threshhold, and the farmer entered the room. He looked in amazement from the tall figure of the well-dressed man, standing up stiffly and erectly with his back to the fireplace, to the crouching form of his sobbing wife.

"Lord Elwyn has come to take our darling away!" cried the poor woman, amid her tears.

Lord Elwyn made a gesture of impatience.

"Surely there is nothing to make a grievance about! I confided my little girl as an infant to your care; I told you to bring her up as your own—to conceal her parentage from her. My foolish early marriage was, as you know, a thing I did not care to acknowledge. Her poor mother died, and but for the child's existence the whole business would have been wiped out. Now it suits me to own her and to take her back. There is nothing to make a fuss about. I have changed my mind concerning her—that is all. I have paid you well—you will not be the losers in any way. I will make it as well worth your while to give her up as it has been to keep her."

He spoke with angry irritation; having made up his mind to cancel the work of years, he did not care to be thwarted at the outset; he made no allowance for sentiment—sentiment indeed entered very seldom into Lord Elwyn's calculations—he chose to consider the whole transaction solely and entirely from a business point of view.

"You have been well paid," he said again angrily—"what have you to complain of?"

"It is not the money, my lord," said Dobson slowly, speaking for the first time—"we don't complain about that—you've always paid us fair. What the missus and I will take to heart sorely is the losing of our little girl."

It annoyed Lord Elwyn to hear him speak of his daughter with this familiar fondness. All these years he had given his child up to these worthy people, bidding them call her by their own name and be unto her as a father and mother; and yet now, because the whim had come to him to take back his own, he was angry to find how thoroughly the good people had carried out his instructions.

"Tut, tut!" he said, waving his hand impatiently. "I am in my right—it suits me to acknowledge her."

The farmer, who was a man of few words, bent his head in assent, while Mrs. Dobson became dissolved anew in tears.

"Let me see her at once!" said Lord Elwyn peremptorily; and Mrs. Dobson slipped away to find and prepare the child who had grown as dear to her as though she had been her own.

Scarcely however had the door closed upon her when from the garden there came the sound of a bright singing voice, and across the little grass-plot before the open window Kathleen came bounding forward, her kitten perched upon her shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.

"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you back already? I was just going for my rake and coming down to the meadow to help! Why, its nearly tea-time, and not a stroke of work has your idle Kathe done all day!"

Suddenly she stood still, as through the open French window she caught sight of the stranger within the room.

As for Lord Elwyn, he was struck speechless. Such a vision of loveliness as this charming maiden he had certainly been wholly unprepared to see.

Coming along he had been filled with not unnatural apprehension concerning the child he had not seen for seventeen

years. She would be rough and uncouth, no doubt—awkward in manner, ungainly in appearance—how could he expect her to be otherwise?

She might well indeed have inherited personal beauty, for the first Lady Elwyn, whom he had secretly married out of a village inn in his college days, had been beautiful as a poet's dream; but her child's beauty, if she had any, would surely be of that wild untutored type which might be very charming in a farm-yard, but would scarcely be in its proper place in a Belgravian drawing-room!

"She will have to be licked into shape in a boarding-school!" he had said to himself.

But when he saw her, all his terrors were put to flight in a moment. She was beautiful with all and more than all her dead mother's beauty; she was graceful with a grace which not all the homeliness of her garments could conceal; and there was, moreover, a stamp of birth set upon the broad white brow and upon the small well-shaped head and oval face which her father recognized at once—recognized with a glow of pride as the "hall-mark" of his own family.

"Come in, my dear," said Dobson to the hesitating girl.

She came in shyly through the open window.

"This gentleman—Lord Elwyn—has come to see you," Dobson continued.

"To see me, daddy?" she echoed wonderingly.

It was a curious little scene that followed. Kathleen went forward and held out her small hand timidly to the stranger.

"How do you do?" she said simply.

Lord Elwyn grasped her hand and drew her towards him.

"Tell her, Dobson," he said to the farmer.

And Dobson told her. Somewhat lamely and brokenly he related the story—the story of long ago which both men knew so well, but which to the girl was such a marvellous revelation of things undreamt of—the story of a rich man's son who fell in love with a humbly-born girl, and who married her unknown to his father, keeping his marriage a secret till his young wife had died in giving birth to her first child; and then how he, still fearing the anger of an autocratic father, had determined to provide as best as he could for the child and never to acknowledge it, and how he had gone away and forgotten her; and how, when time passed on, he had married a second time in his own rank of life and had had another child, a son and heir, so that the daughter of his youth was still farther away in the cold distance of the forgotten past.

And now the heir was dead, and Lord Elwyn had remembered his other child—and that child was no other than Kathleen herself!

Young as she was, ignorant of life, unversed in the traditions and ways of the world, it all became clear to her at last—the pitiful story of her own birth, of her mother's early death, and of her father's obliviousness of herself.

She grew red and white by turns as she listened with tightly-clasped hands and eyes opened wide from emotion which wandered quickly from her foster-father sitting by the table to this new real father standing with his back to the fireplace.

"And now, my dear," said the farmer, as he concluded his little recital—"now my lord has come to claim you, and you will go away to be a great lady, and have advantages which we never could have given you here—education and accomplishments and grand society. You must begin to learn that you are no farmer's daughter, but a lady born. It's a fine thing that is going to happen to you, Kathleen—a very fine thing; and you must be very grateful to his lordship, and also not to forget to thank Heaven, my dear, when you say your prayers to-night, for giving you back your own dear father—for, as we have all been told, blood is thicker than water, and there's nothing like one's own flesh and blood after all!"

But Kathleen answered never a word—she only looked with wild frightened eyes from one to the other, and the color fled from her startled face, and her breath came short and quick.

With a curious sense of intense interest Lord Elwyn watched her.

What was she going to do or say? How was she going to take this revelation that had been made to her? Was the rupture of coming grandeur all too much for the brain of the village-bred child, or was the emotion of finding a father too great for her beating heart?

He held out his hands to her and smiled at her kindly. But Kathleen drew back and clenched her fingers tightly together behind her back.

"I will not go with you! You are no father to me—you never owned my mother, and you have forgotten me all these years! I will stay with the only father I know and love—I will not be your child or go to you!"

Then suddenly casting her arms round the farmer's neck, she buried her face upon his shoulder, crying aloud, with a great sob—

"Oh, daddy, dear daddy, I will never, never leave you! I don't want any fine people or places—I only want to stay with you and mammy to the end of my life!"

Lord Elwyn never quite forgot the horrible shock which her words gave him, or the sense of shame with which her disvowal of his claims covered him. It was as though the sins of his youth rose up once again from the tomb and reviled him for the past through the mouth of his child. And yet he liked her all the better for her resistance. The girl had a character and spirit of her own. So much the better! He admired her for it; he recognized himself in her anger and her scorn.

It was with possible humility and deference that he spoke to her, urging her to reconsider her determination.

"I will not press you now," he said to her, when he had used every argument he could think of to change her mood. "I will leave you for a week to think it over, so that you may get accustomed to the idea; then I will send for you. I should be sorry to take you away with undue haste from this house where you have been happy, and from these kind friends who have been so good to you. In a week's time you will think better of it."

She only shook her head as it lay upon her foster-father's broad chest, and cowered closer down into his sheltering arms.

So Lord Elwyn went away, and Kathleen was left mistress of the situation.

CHAPTER II.

NOT for long though. When seventeen and ignorance and weakness sets itself in opposition to forty-five and knowledge and strength it stands to reason that the one must very soon go to the wall, whilst the other must eventually triumph.

A week later a very sad and forlorn-looking Kathleen was standing by the gate leading out into the five-acre meadow in the little lane along which the cows sauntered home every evening at milking-time.

Very pale was poor Kathleen—pale and heavy-eyed, as though tears had held her sleepless for many nights—and there was a slight droop at the corners of her pretty mouth and a tremor on her rosy lips.

"Are you really and truly going to leave to-morrow, Kathleen, after all your promises?" said her companion, with a groan.

"How was I to help it, Tom? They say he has a right by law to make me—and they wouldn't back me up at home; they said I must go. How was I to stand out alone?"

The man leaning across the gate groaned again.

He was a large-made rough-looking man dressed in a brown velveteen suit. He had tangled dark hair and eyes that glowed and burned with a strange and intense light. His features were strongly hewn and powerful, and there was a tendency to coarseness in the lines of the heavy mouth and jaw.

It was not a bad face, but it was a face which suggested the possibility of violent passions and unreasoning animalism. At the same time there was something reassuring in the intensity of the eyes and something that was almost noble in the breadth of the brows and head.

One felt instinctively about Tom Darley that he was one of those people who, in good hands and in happy circumstances, might be capable of much goodness, and yet who, on the other hand, if ill-used and buffeted by fate, might possibly develop dormant forces that would tend to unlimited evil.

For the rest, Tom Darley was no ne'er-do-well. He was the tenant of a small farm two miles away from Mayfield, and had been all his life a hard-working and industrious man—a bit of a sportsman too, for he bred young horses, and kept a pack of harriers, and was seldom known to fail to put in an appearance at the covert-side on a winter morning, mounted on his gray cob, on which he went as straight and rode as well as any of the hunting gentry about.

People thought highly of Tom at Mayfield, and many a careful father would have asked no better fate for his girl than to see her the wife of the stalwart young farmer.

Ever since May last year however Tom's heart had been fixed upon the maiden at Mayfield Farm. In accordance with the custom of rural districts, Kathleen had accepted him as her "young man."

He walked with her Sunday afternoons; he brought her cuttings for her garden, and helped her to prune and tend her rose-trees; he had set her terrier's leg when he had been run over by the butcher's cart; and he never failed to present her with some simple offering when he came home from the town on market-days.

Kathleen liked the homage and the attention, and she liked him too in a gentle, sisterly sort of a way; but love had never even entered into her thoughts, nor had such a climax as marriage been ever mentioned between them.

But, as to Tom Darley, he loved her with all his heart and soul. Hitherto, knowing how young and gentle and innocent she was, he had never dared to breathe a word of his passion to her, believing that time and constant association would draw her gradually to him.

Moreover, he was still a struggling man, and scarcely in a position to marry yet. There was no house on the land which he farmed, and Tom lodged in a cottage belonging to one of his own laborers.

He knew that he would have to work very hard for some years more before so well-to-do a man as Farmer Dobson would give him his only child—and such a tenderly-natured child as was dainty little Kathleen. Still he had been quite contented to wait, and had been happy enough with the privileges he had won from his lady-love; and all the good elements in him had flourished and thriven in the companionship of the girl he had loved.

Then like a thunder-clap out of heaven came the awful news upon poor Tom—Kathleen was not Farmer Dobson's child at all, but the only daughter and heiress of the rich and great Lord Elwyn, whose country place lay twenty miles away, just over the border of the adjoining county, and who was as far above Tom Darley's as though he had been a veritable king. And Kathleen—his little Kathie no longer—was to go away to her new kingdom, to be a princess amongst the great ones of the earth, and the dream of his life was shattered!

During that sad last week he had met her many times and pleaded with her often and Kathleen had wept and wailed; for she was very unhappy—not so much because of leaving Tom, although Tom came in incidentally amongst the people and things she was sorry to leave, but because of all that she had loved and been used to all her life which she would have to give up for ever.

"Don't go—don't go!" he had pleaded brokenly over and over again, as he held her small hands clutched hard in his; and for the first two days of the week Kathleen had been brave and determined, and had answered back boldly—

"No—I promise you I won't. I will not go!"

But as the days went on her resistance became feebler and she began to realize that she would have to go.

And now the last evening was come, and Tom had walked over to meet her for the last time and to wish her good-bye. He was very bitter and sore, and desperately miserable; and so for the first time he spoke to her about his love.

"He has no right to take you away from me!" he said angrily. "I love you, Kathleen—I have loved you for a long time! I want you to be my wife some day!"

Kathleen looked at him timidly and doubtfully.

There was no answering throb in her heart as she listened to the first words of love that had ever been spoken to her. She was only very unhappy, and considerably troubled.

The little pink wild-roses in the hedgerow came straggling over the top of the gate against which they were leaning, one on either side of it. Kathleen picked one and laid it softly against her cheek.

"Oh, no Tom—I don't think that would do at all!" she answered, with a little distress.

This avowal of affection did not seem to do her any good—only to make things more difficult than ever for her.

"I don't suppose it would ever be allowed, Tom," she said doubtfully. "You see it's not as if dear old daddy were my father."

"Oh, you needn't remind me of that!" he cried bitterly. "I know very well that you are not Kathie Dobson any longer, but the Honorable Kathleen Elwyn—a great lady—a fine stuck-up——"

"Oh, Tom, how can you be so unkind? As if my not being Kathleen Dobson made any difference to my old friends! But don't you see I shall have to obey Lord Elwyn now?"

"And what has Lord Elwyn got to do 'twixt you and me, Kathleen? Look here, darling," he cried, with sudden emotion, catching hold of both her hands—"if this hadn't happened—if you were Kathie Dobson still—would not you and I have been fond of each other—would you not some day have promised to marry me? Would you not Kathie?"

Kathleen twisted her wild-rose about in her fingers. She was not at all sure even about that; but it seemed unkind to say so to poor Tom, who was so unhappy.

"You know you never liked any other fellow in all the village so much as you liked me?" urged the young man eagerly.

"That's true enough," assented Kathleen.

"Then, if you liked me the best, you would have been my wife some day in the future?"

"I—I suppose so," answered Kathleen slowly.

"Then why should Lord Elwyn or anybody come between us?"

"Oh, but, Tom, I should not be allowed to marry whom I like now!" interrupted Kathleen. His line of argument began to frighten her somewhat.

"When you are twenty-one, you will be able to do as you like—you will be of age, and nobody will have any power to stop you!" he argued hotly.

"Really?" That seemed very wonderful to her. "Are you quite sure, Tom?"

"Yes, quite sure, dear—it's the law of the land! So now, if you will promise to marry me when you are twenty-one, I will trust in you and be content to wait till then. Give me you promise, Kathleen!"

She gave a little gasp. It was all so bewildering, and Tom was so excited; he held her hands so hard—so very hard—that he hurt her fingers, and his face was so red and his eyes had such a strange gleam in them, she was half afraid of him.

"Promise me, Kathleen—promise me!" he urged again. "Promise to marry me when you are twenty-one."

Seventeen to twenty-one—four whole years! It seemed almost a lifetime; and Tom said he would be content to wait if she promised! Four years was a very long time—so long that it did not seem that it would matter very much what she undertook to do at so remote a period.

Poor little Kathleen! She was very young and very ignorant, and her head ached from fretting and troubling, and her eyes were smarting and burning from the many tears she had shed.

It seemed an easy way out of this trouble, at all events, to do as poor Tom asked her.

She would promise, and then perhaps he would not scold her so much for going away—and it was so hard that he should scold her for what she could not help.

So it came to pass that Kathleen Elwyn, in an evil hour, promised to marry Tom Darley as soon as she was twenty-one years old.

When he had wrung her reluctant words from her trembling lips, Tom tried to kiss her; but that was too much for her. A sense of dismay—almost of disgust and loathing—overpowered her. She pushed him away angrily with all the strength of her little hands.

"No, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Not that—not that! Never, never!"—and she burst into a tempest of passionate sobs that shook her slender frame from head to foot.

Altogether, the love-idyl in the rose-embowered lane was not at all all that such love-idyls are wont to be.

Tom, when he saw the girl's emotion, was ashamed of himself. He begged her pardon in a rough, boorish way, and stood by her awkwardly enough, looking the picture of discomfort.

"Give me that flower, anyhow!" he pleaded humbly when she had recovered herself a little.

And Kathleen gave it to him; and he took out his pocket-book—bulging with wheat-samples, with flies, and with fish-hooks—and pressed the wild-rose between two vacant pages.

"That's a love-troth between you and me," he said seriously. "When the day comes that I send you that dried flower, Kathleen—then you'll know that I am coming to claim my promise of you."

She made no answer as they began to walk up the lane towards the Farm togeth-

er, but she said to herself, as she walked, that that day was a very long way off, that hundreds of things might happen between this and then, and that anyhow Tom would not go on troubling her for the present.

"I have been very kind to him," said the girl to herself, in her utter ignorance, "and I've quite satisfied him and made him easy; and I dare say, after I am gone, he will forget all about me, and take up with Mary Davis at the grocer's shop—she is a nice girl, and was always fond of Tom—when I am out of the way, I dare say he will take on with her."

It was not quite in accordance with these comfortable plans for Tom's future however that, just as they got inside the Farm garden, Tom Darley stood still in front of the bee-hives and looked at her with a strange lowering brow.

"There's one thing more, Kathie, I must say to you before we part. I sha'n't perhaps see you often; but I shall know all about you, and what you are doing; and, if ever I hear of any other man daring to make up to you or trying to steal you from me, by the Heaven above us I swear to you that I will kill that man, whoever he may be—kill him as I would kill the vermin in the fields!"

For the moment the man's face was awful in its intensity—a savage gleam lit up the rough-hewn features with an evil glow, the mouth coarsened and broadened, and the eyes seemed to shrink and fall away beneath the strongly-marked angry brows.

Kathleen drew back from him with a vague terror—she knew not what she feared, and yet she was frightened—and in her pale face and scared eyes Tom beheld the reflection of his own madness. In an instant he had chased away the evil spirit and was himself once more.

"Do not look so frightened, darling—for of course there will be no one!" he said, trying to take her hand, and laughing uneasily.

"Tom, that was very wicked of you to say that!" she answered a little breathlessly; and she kept her hands well out of his reach. "I do hope you will never talk about killing people again—it is terrible! And what would Mr. Englefield say?"

"Human nature was made before parsons!" he answered carelessly, shrugging his shoulders; and Kathleen shivered a little.

That look upon Tom Darley's face, transient as it was, had been a revelation to her. She had never known before that any one could look so malignantly wicked.

"I shall dream about it!" she thought shudderingly.

When they got to the porch door, she turned round and forced herself to give him her hand. When she looked at him, he was the good Tom Darley again who had always been kind and affectionate to her.

It was difficult to believe that that other glimpse of a terrible hidden nature had been aught but a dream.

"Dear Kathleen, you will be true to me, will you not? You will not forget me?" he said gently.

"Oh, Tom, I suppose so, of course!" she replied, with a little impatience.

It seemed so selfish of him to urge his own claims upon her so much when, after all, it was for her "daddy" and his loving old wife for whom her heart was chiefly torn and riven.

"No one else is likely to want to marry me when I am twenty-one, I suppose!" she added, laughing at what seemed to her to be a ridiculous idea.

The dark cloud crossed his face again.

"But, if any one does—then you will remember what I have sworn to do!" he said.

"Oh, Tom, you are horrible!" she cried, putting her fingers into her ears; and with a half-laugh which was almost hysterical she ran away from him into the house.

That was not the last that Kathleen saw of Tom Darley.

The next morning Lord Elwyn's brougham stood at the door of Mayfield Farm to convey her to Clortell Towers.

No one came with it—only the two servants and a note from Lord Elwyn to his daughter expressing his regret that an attack of gout prevented his fetching her himself and his hope that she was by this time convinced that it was her duty to accede to his wishes concerning her.

Kathleen's modest luggage was hoisted on to the top. The old people strained her to their hearts and kissed and blessed her and bade God be with her. The servants crowded the little hall, weeping and holding out their hands to her; the farm-laborers had gathered on to the drive to give her a parting cheer; and many a friendly face from the village shops was there to see the last of the little girl who had grown up in their midst and who was being carried away into the great world to be made a grand lady of.

Poor little great lady! Half fainting, they lifted her into the brougham and shut to the door upon herself and her grandeur. And then she sprung forward and leaned out of the window, with the blinding tears streaming down her cheeks, to wave a farewell to all the dear faces that she was leaving behind for ever; and, when the carriage rolled out of the gate and turned the corner, the flutter of her little white handkerchief was the last that they saw of her as she was borne away rapidly along the road.

But, when the horses slackened speed at the steep hill side half a mile beyond the village, a man who had been waiting there patiently sitting in the hedge-row for the last hour sprang forward and stalked quickly along by the side of the carriage.

"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are bound to marry me some day?" he said in a low voice.

"Oh, Tom, why do you bother me about that now when I am so unhappy?" answered Kathleen through her tears.

"Because the thought of my love will make you happier, dear."

"Will it?" said Kathleen dubiously—she had really never looked at it in that light yet.

"Remember all you have sworn!" said Tom solemnly.

"I do not think I swore at all!" murmured Kathleen; but in the rumbling of the wheels Tom did not hear her.

The coachman and footman were looking at him askance. The top of the hill was almost reached; the whip touched up the near horse—there was a forward jerk of the carriage. Tom was running now. He thrust his head in at the window.

"Good-bye, Tom!" she said kindly.

"It is no joke, Kathleen. Remember I would kill him!" he hissed, and the girl sank back terrified into the corner of the carriage.

CHAPTER III.

CLORTELL TOWERS, Lord Elwyn's country-seat, lay twenty miles away from the village of Mayfield.

When Kathleen first caught sight of it after her long solitary drive, the rays of the setting sun were falling warmly upon the long stone facade and twinkling like gems in the diamond panes of the many mullioned windows.

The house, a fine old gray-stone Tudor mansion, stood upon an eminence. A long avenue of stately beeches led up to it from the lodge gates; herds of graceful deer grazed in the park on either side; a bank of woods topped the hills above with a rich dark-green background; a lake shimmered in the evening light to the left; a parterre of lawns, flower-gardens brilliant with many colors, stretched away to the right; and a crimson flag, with all the family arms and quarterings emblazoned upon it, floated mast-high from the tower over the centre gateway.

It was a grand place indeed. Kathleen had never seen anything in the least like it.

She trembled a little as she sat in the corner of the brougham and looked timidly out upon all this magnificence which was in future to be her home.

She was very tired as well as very nervous. The emotion of leaving Mayfield had exhausted her; and, although the spring of youth within her had made her soon dry her tears and think rather of the life she was entering upon than of that she was leaving behind, still during the course of her long physical fatigue had in the end overcome the hopes and anticipations of fancy and had reduced her to a condition of pitiful depression.

Nothing had been neglected to ensure her bodily comfort during her lonely drive. There were a luncheon-basket, books, a cloak in case she felt chilly, a fan in case she might be warm—there was even a bunch of fresh roses upon the tiny shelf in front of the brougham.

Some one evidently had thought much of her, and thought with a kindness and delicacy which was touching as well as flattering to her.

Who could it be? Her reason rejected the hypothesis that these subtle attentions were the work of Lord Elwyn himself. A man would hardly have studied her requirements so closely. Besides, an attack of the gout—well, Kathleen knew very well what the masculine nature became under an infliction of that kind! No; it must be to Lady Elwyn's forethought that she owed these little kindly and affectionate tokens—Lady Elwyn, who doubtless desired to welcome as a daughter the child of her husband's early marriage.

Kathleen settled this quite definitely within herself; and her heart was full of a warm glow of gratitude towards the unknown woman whose future conduct to her would count for so much in the happiness or misery of her life.

Poor little ignorant Kathleen! How much there was for her to learn! How little versed she was in the ways of human nature!

Busy with her fancy-picture of her unknown step-mother, she forgot her terrors at Tom Darley's unwelcome threats and affection; and the farther she left Mayfield behind her, the farther into the distance the image of her uncouth farmer lover receded.

As the carriage neared the end of the long avenue and approached the centre gateway of the old house, Kathleen leaned forward eagerly, half expecting to see the tall erect form of Lord Elwyn, with his gracious lady, standing side by side upon the doorstep to welcome her to their home and heart.

There was nothing of the sort—only a sleepy-looking powdered footman, who slowly threw open the double doors as the carriage drove up; a second like unto him, who might have been seen struggling into his coat at the back of the hall; and, after a moment or two, a very fat butler with red hair and mutton-chop whiskers, who advanced with an air of dignified condescension to the underlings who assisted her to alight. Nobody else was there to receive her.

Footman number one relieved her of her small leather bag, footman number two took her sunshade and umbrella out of her hand; the butler gave a solemn order to the coachman to take Miss Elwyn's luggage round to the back.

Then Kathleen found herself standing in a vast hall with family portraits ranged round the walls and tiger-skins thrown about upon the polished oak floor. She looked timidly, almost tearfully up into the face of the fat butler. This dignitary, seeing that something was expected of him, gave a slight preliminary cough, behind his red fingers.

"Ahem! Would you wish to see your maid, miss?" he inquired deferentially. "She will conduct you to your apartments."

"Can I not see my father first?" asked Kathleen meekly.

"I regret to state, miss, that his lordship is confined to his rooms with a severe attack of gout. He will be unable to see you this evening."

"Oh, I am very sorry! And Lady Elwyn?"

The butler looked across at one of his satellites.

"Were there any orders given, James, about Miss Elwyn's arrival?"

"None as I knows on, Mr. Simpkins."

There was a momentary consultation between the three. Then the great Mr. Simpkins spoke up authoritatively.

"Perhaps, miss, you would like to go into the drawing-room first. Her ladyship might be there or she might be in the grounds; any way, I could bring you some tea before you go into your room."

With a sinking heart Kathleen assented mutely, not knowing of any other plan to suggest; and Simpkins led the way across the hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRUTHFUL REAL ESTATE MAN.—Real Estate Agent (showing prospective purchaser a tract of bottom-land)—You won't find another quarter section like this within a hundred miles of here. Look at the color of the soil. See how the land lies toward the sun. It's cheap at double the price.

Prospective Purchaser—But isn't it sometimes under water? Does this stream never overflow its banks?

Real Estate Agent—Overflow? Never, sir, never!

Prospective Purchaser (happening to spy a bunch of half decayed grass and driftwood lodged 20 feet above his head, in the fork of a tree) How do you suppose that clump ever got up there?

Agent (enthusiastically)—Don't you see the tree grows right at the edge of the bank? That bunch of stuff was caught there when the tree was a little bush. Probably happened a year or two ago. Just as I said, sir, richest soil in the world, sir!

IT is paradoxical, and yet true, that sickness often lurks in well water.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WHITE MANS FOOT.—The poet Longfellow speaks of a plant called the White Man's Foot. It is the common broad-leaved plantain, which is known by the above name among the natives of North America because it is not indigenous, but introduced, and keeps pace invariably with the progress of the white man into the country.

CHINESE SIGNS.—Large attractive sign-boards are a great feature of Chinese shops, and the words upon them are a strange mixture of the flowery literature of the land and the advertising instinct of a commercial people. Here are some of the signs of the city of Pekin: "Shop of Heavensent Luck," "Tea-Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "Mutton-Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues All Complete," "Flowers Rise to the Milky Way."

JAPANESE WASHING.—Washing was and is still done in Japan by getting into a boat and letting the garments drag after the boat by a long string. It is an economical habit of travelling Japs to get a large amount of washing thus accomplished by a steamboat excursion, and has given rise to the story that they travel to wash up once a year. They have no instinct for laundry work like the Chinese, and think it complete when the soap is in the garment, and will not wring it out. Salt water washes to their taste just as well as fresh.

CAUGHT BY A MONKEY.—A monkey recently brought a criminal to justice at Singapore. A native, with a little boy, a bear and a monkey, travelled through the Straits Settlements, and made a goodly sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying dead close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were being taken to a police station, when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg and would not let go. The man proved to be one of the murderers.

ODD FACTS.—A small codfish will produce nearly two millions of eggs. In China, on the first day of the new year, a sprig of peach-blossoms is stuck over each door of a house to keep away evil spirits. Bombast was the Elizabethan crinoline, being the old name for the cotton wadding in the clothes of polite people. The lowest forms of plant life, such as our common mosses, grow on the bare rocks. These, by decay, leave a slight covering of soil, and thus plants of a higher order gain a foothold. Fire will frighten almost any creature, but it has no terrors for the driver ant, which will dash at a glowing coal, fix its jaws in the burning mass, and shrivel up in the heat.

SALUTATIONS.—It is common in Arabia to put cheek to cheek. The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior. The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by. A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands and cries out, "Spare me!" The Burmese pretend to smell of a person's face, pronounce it sweet and then ask for a "smell." A striking salutation of the South Sea Islands is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend. The Australian natives practice the singular custom, when meeting, of sticking out their tongues at each other. The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects. The Turk crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming in personal contact with its object.

THE TRAINS SPEED.—For the traveler curious about the speed his train is making, there are three methods by which he may satisfy his curiosity. 1. Watch for the passage of the train by the large white mile posts with black figures upon them, and divide three thousand six hundred by the time in seconds between posts. The result is the speed in miles per hour. 2. Listen attentively until the ear distinguishes the click, click, click of the wheel as it passes a rail joint. The number of clicks upon one side of the carriage in twenty seconds is the speed in miles per hour, where the rails are thirty feet in length, and this is the case generally. 3. Count the number of telegraph poles passed in two minutes if there are four or five wires to a pole, and in two minutes and twenty seconds if there are only one or two lines per pole. The number of poles passed in the number of miles per hour at which the train is traveling.

WHO are the best men to send to war? Lawyers; because there charges are so great no one can stand them.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Ere the westward fires have faded,
While the distant hills yet glow
With the sun's last benediction,
Where he lingers loth to go;
While the birds are homeward flying
Ere the dark their way benights,
And the vesper bells are ringing,
Comes the hour between the lights.

Ah, the mem'ries dear and holy,
Bright and tender, that combine
In life's after hours, its moments,
In our heart of hearts to shrine!
For our sweetest dreams come to us,
While the daylight slowly dies,
And our sweetest words are uttered
'Neath the purple gloaming skies.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HUBERT turned away his face. It was terrible to him to hear her speak thus. It seemed to him that, whenever an impulse came upon him to speak the truth, she herself made the truth appear unspeakable.

Better perhaps to leave the matter where it stood. It was a mere question of transferring a burden from Cynthia's strong to Enid's feeble shoulders.

"Whether Westwood was really innocent or guilty," he said, with an effort, "is not for us to decide—now."

"No; and therefore we must do our best for Cynthia and ourselves," said Enid, with sudden resolution. "I did not know before that there was even a doubt of his guilt; but, if so, our way is all the clearer, Hubert. You are not hesitating because you do not want to marry a convict's daughter are you?"

"Not at all."

"Then it is because you are afraid that we—that I perhaps—shall be hurt? I know that Flossy and the General feel strongly on the point. But, Hubert, I absolve you—I give you leave. In my father's name I speak; for I am sure that in another world where all things are known he sees as I do—that the innocent must not be punished for the guilty. If you love Cynthia, Hubert, marry her: and I will give you my wishes for your happiness. I am sure that it should be so—else why should God have permitted you to love each other?"

"Enid, you are an angel!" cried Hubert quickly.

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. She felt hot tears upon her fingers, and knew that they came from his eyes. She then bent down and kissed his forehead.

"God bless you, dear!" she said. "I am so happy myself that I cannot bear you and Cynthia to be unhappy. Will you tell her when she comes in that I want you to marry her as soon as possible? She is so good, so noble, that I am sure you will be happy with her. And you can go abroad together if you are married soon. Good-bye, dear Hubert! We shall always think of each other lovingly, shall we not, tell me?"

"I shall think of you—gratefully," he said, with his face bowed down upon his hands—"as of an angel from heaven!"

"Oh, no—only as a poor, weak, erring little girl, who broke her word to you and had far more happiness than she deserved. And now good-bye."

He would have detained her—perhaps to say more words of gratitude—perhaps to say something else; but she withdrew herself from his clasping hand and quietly left the room.

She knew that he was better alone. She went down-stairs, and let herself out of the house, and met Cynthia on the steps. The girl was just returning after a hurried walk round and round the square.

"Go to him," said Enid softly. "He wants help and comfort, and he wants your love. You will be very happy by-and-by."

And Cynthia went.

* * * * * *

Cynthia came softly into the room. She looked timidly towards Hubert's chair, then rushed forward and rang the bell violently. She had had some fear of the result of Enid's visit, and her fear was certainly justified. Hubert had fainted away when his visitor left the room.

It was not until sometime afterwards that Cynthia allowed him to talk again. She had medicaments of various kinds to apply, and insisted upon his being perfectly quiet.

She had wanted him to go to bed again; but he had resisted this proposition; and, in consequence, he was still in the sitting-room, though lying upon the sofa, at the hour of half-past eight that evening, when the light was fading, and Cynthia was at his side.

"You feel better now, do you not?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you."

The tone was curiously dispirited.

"I must call Jenkins, and you must go to bed."

He caught her hand.

"Not yet Cynthia—I want to say something."

"To-morrow," she said.

"No, not to-morrow—to-night. I am quite well able to talk. Cynthia, where is your father?"

The question was utterly unexpected.

"My father!" she echoed. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I have an impression that he is in England, and that you have seen him lately."

"If I had," said Cynthia, "I should be bound not to tell any one."

"Ah, that is true! And you would not trust even me!" he remarked with a great sigh. "Well, I suppose that you are right!"

"I trust you perfectly," she said.

"You have no reason to do so. Cynthia, do you know why Enid Vane came to-day?"

"Yes—she told me."

"She is engaged to Mr. Evandale. She has set me free."

There was a silence. Cynthia did not move; and at last Hubert said in a stifled voice—

"I love one woman, and one only. What can I say to her?"

"Nothing but that," said Cynthia very softly.

She turned and kissed him.

"I dare not even say that," said Hubert, desperately.

"Why not? You told me once of an obstacle—Enid Vane was the obstacle, was she not?"

"One obstacle. But there is still another, Cynthia."

"Another!" exclaimed Cynthia. "What could that be?"

She was kneeling beside him, her hand locked fast in his, her arm upon his shoulder. A sort of sob broke from his lips.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "I am the last man that you ought ever to have loved."

"But I love you now, Hubert."

"I am a villain, Cynthia—a mean, miserable cur! Can't you accept that fact, and leave me without asking why?"

"No, I cannot, Hubert; I don't believe it."

"It is no good telling me that—I know myself too well. Believe all that I say, Cynthia, and give me up. Don't make me tell you why."

"I shall always love you," she whispered, "whether you are bad or good."

"Suppose that I had injured any one that was very dear to you—saved myself from punishment at his expense? I dare not go any farther. Is there nothing that you can suppose that I have done—the very hardest thing in the whole world for you to forgive? You can't forgive it, I know; to tell you means to cut myself off from you for the rest of my life; and yet I cannot make up my mind to take advantage of your ignorance. I have resolved, Cynthia, that I will not say another word of—of love to you—until you know the truth."

She gazed at him her lips growing white, her eyes dilating with sudden terror at these words.

"There is only one thing," she said at length, "that I—that I——"

"That you could not forgive. I am answered, Cynthia; it is that one thing that I have done."

He spoke very calmly, but his face was white with a pallor like that of death. She remained motionless; it seemed as if she could scarcely dare to breath, and her face was as pale as his own.

"Hubert," she said presently, only just above her breath, "you must be saying what you do not mean!"

"I would to God that I did not mean it!" he exclaimed, bestirring himself and trying to rise. "Get up, Cynthia; I cannot lie here and see you kneeling there. Rather let me kneel to you; for I have wronged you—I have wronged your father beyond forgiveness. It was I—I who killed Sydney Vane!"

He was standing now; but she still knelt beside the sofa, with her face full of terror.

"Hubert," she said caressingly, "you do not know what you say. Sit down, my darling, keep quiet. You will be better soon."

"I am not raving," he answered her; "I am only speaking the truth. God help me! All these years I have kept the secret, Cynthia; but it is true—I swear before God that it is true!—it was I who killed Sydney Vane. Now curse me if you will, as your father did long years ago."

He fell back on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands with a moan of considerable pain.

There came a long silence. Cynthia did not move; she also had hidden her face too.

"Oh," she said at last, "I do not know what to do! My poor father—my poor father! Think of the shame and anguish that he went through! Oh, how could you bear to let him suffer so?"

And then she wept bitterly and unrestrainedly; and Hubert sat with his head bowed in his hands.

But after a time she became calm; and then, without looking up, she said, in a low voice—

"I should like to hear it all now. Tell me how it happened."

He started and removed his hands from his face. It was so haggard, so miserable, that Cynthia, as she glanced at him, could not forbear an impulse of pity. But she averted her head and would not look at him again.

"You must tell me everything now," she said.

And so he told the story. He found it hard to begin; but, as he went on, a certain relief came to him, in spite of shame and sorrow, at the disburthening himself of his secret.

He did not spare himself. He told the tale very fully, and, little by little, it seemed to Cynthia that she began to understand his life, his character, his very soul, as she had never understood them before. She understood, but she did not love.

The confession had left her cold; her father's wrongs had turned her heart to stone.

"And now," he said, when he had finished his story, "you can fetch your father and clear him in the eyes of the world as soon as you like. I will take any punishment that the law allots me. But I think that I shall not have to bear it long. Even a life sentence ends one day, thank God!"

Then Cynthia spoke.

"You think," she said very coldly, "that I shall tell your story—that I shall denounce you to the police?"

"As you please, Cynthia," he answered, with a sadness born of despair.

"You throw the burden on me!" she said. "You have thrown your burdens on other people's shoulders all your life, it seems. But now, remember Hubert you must bear your own."

She rose and moved away from him.

"I shall not accuse you. Your confession is safe enough with me. You forget that I—I loved you once. I cannot give you up to justice even for my father's sake. You must manage the matter for yourself."

"Cynthia," he cried hoarsely—"Cynthia, be merciful!"

"Had you any mercy for my father?" she asked, looking at him with eyes in which the reproach was terrible to his inmost soul. "Did you ever think what he had to bear!"

Her hand was on the door.

"I am going now," she said—"I am going to my father; I have learned the place in which he lives. But I shall not tell him what you have just told me. Justify him to the world if you like; till that is done, I will never speak to you again."

"Cynthia—Cynthia!" cried the wretched man.

He rose from the sofa and stretched out his arms blindly towards her. But she would not relent.

As she left the room, he fell to the floor—insensible for the second time that day. She heard the crashing fall—she knew that he was in danger; but her heart was hardened, and she would not look back. The only thing she did was to call Jenkins before she left the house and send him to his master.

And then she went out into the street, and said to herself that she would never enter the house again.

Jenkins went up to the drawing-room, and found Mr. Lepel lying on the floor. He and his wife managed with some difficulty to get him back to bed. Then they sent for the Doctor.

But, when the Doctor came, he shook his head, and looked very serious over Hubert's state. A relapse had taken place; he was delirious again; and no one could say whether he would recover from the attack. Cynthia was asked for at once; but Cynthia was nowhere to be found.

"She will come back, no doubt, sir," Jenkins said.

"I hope she will," the Doctor answered, "for Mr. Lepel's chances are considerably lessened by her absence."

But the night passed, and the next day followed, and the next; but Cynthia never came.

In the meantime there was one person in the house who knew more about her than she chose to say. Miss Sabina Meldreth had been keeping her eye, by Mrs. Vane's orders, upon Cynthia West.

She had listened at the door during the conversation between Enid and Hubert, but without much result. Their voices had been subdued, and she had gained nothing for her pains. But it was somewhat different during the interview between Cynthia and Hubert. The emotion of the two speakers had been rather too difficult to repress.

Some few of Hubert's words, as well as Cynthia's passionate sobs, had reached her ears: and Cynthia's last sentence, spoken in a clear penetrating voice, had not been lost on her.

She was behind the folding-doors between the two rooms when Cynthia made her exit. Sabina Meldreth's heart beat with excitement. Miss West would go to her father, would she? Then she, Sabina, would follow her—would track the felon to his hiding place.

The hint that Hubert could clear him if he would was lost upon her in the delight of this discovery. She could not afford to miss this opportunity of pleasing Mrs. Vane and earning three hundred pounds. She followed Cynthia down-stairs, seized a hat from a peg in the hall, and walked out into the street.

It was already dark, but the girl's tall graceful figure was easily discernible at some little distance.

Miss Meldreth followed her hurriedly; she was determined to lose no chance of discovering Westwood and delivering him up to the authorities.

Down one street after another did the track the convict's daughter. Cynthia went through quiet quarters—if she had ventured into a crowded thoroughfare, she would soon have been lost to view. But she had no suspicion that she was being pursued, or she might have been more careful.

In a quiet little court on the north side of Holborn she presently came to a halt. There was a dingy little house with "Lodgings to let" on a card in the window, and at the door of this house she stopped and gave three knocks with her knuckles. In a few moments the door was opened, and she stepped in. Sabina could not see who admitted her.

She waited some time. A light appeared after a while in an upper window, and one or two shadows crossed the white linen blind. Sabina went a little higher up the court and watched.

The shadows came again—first the shadow of a woman with a hat upon her head—ah, that was Miss West!—next that of a man—nearer the window and more distinct. Sabina thought that she recognized the slight stoop of the shoulders, the stiff and halting gait.

"I've caught you at last, have I, Mr. Reuben Dare!" she said to herself, with a chuckle, as she noted the number of the house and the name of the court. "Well, I shall get three hundred pounds for this night's work! I'll wait a bit and see what happens next."

What happened next was that the lights were extinguished and that the house seemed to be shut up.

"Safe for the night!" said Sabina, chuckling to herself. "I won't let the grass grow under my feet this time. I'll tell the police to-morrow morning, and I'll write to Mrs. Vane as well. He sha'n't escape us now!"

She retraced her steps to Russell Square, and at once indited a letter to Mrs. Vane with a full account of all that she had seen and heard. She slipped out to post it that very night, and lay down with full intention of going to Scotland Yard the next morning. But in the morning she was delayed—for an hour only; but that hour was fatal to her plans. When the police visited the house in Vernon Court, they found that the room were empty, and that Cynthia and her father had disappeared.

Nobody knew anything about them; and the police retired in an exceedingly bad humor, pouring anathemas upon Sabina's head.

But Sabina did not care; she had received news which had stupefied her for a time and hindered her in the execution of her designs—little Dick was dead.

The child had never rallied from the accident which had befallen him. For several days and nights he had lain in a state of coma; and then, still unconscious, he had passed away.

His watchers scarcely knew at what moment he ceased to breathe; even the General who had seldom left his side, could not tell exactly when the child died.

So peacefully the little life came to a close that it seemed only that his sleep was preternaturally long. And with him a long course of perplexity and deceit seemed likely also to have its end.

Mrs. Vane had disappointed and displeased the General during the boy's illness; she had steadily refused to nurse him—even to see him, towards the end. The General was an easy and indulgent husband, but he noticed that his wife seemed to have no love for the child who was all in all to him.

The worst came when Flossy refused to look at the boy's dead face when he was gone. The General reproached her for her hardness of heart, and declared bitterly that the child had never known a mother's love.

And Flossy did not easily forgive the imputation, although she professed to accept it meekly, and excused herself by saying that her nerves were too delicate to bear the shock of seeing a dead child.

Troubles seemed to heap themselves upon the General's head. His boy was gone; Enid, whom he tenderly loved, had left his house; Hubert, to whom also he was much attached, lay ill again, and was scarcely expected to recover.

By the time the funeral was over, the General had worked himself up to such a state of nervous anxiety that it was felt by his friends that some immediate change must be made in his manner of life. And here a suggestion of Flossy's became unexpectedly useful—she proposed that the General should go to his sister's for a time, and that she should stay at Hubert's lodging.

It was not that she cared very much for her brother, or that she was likely to prove a good nurse, but that she was afraid, from what Sabina said, that Hubert might be doing something rash—making confessions perhaps, or taking Cynthia West into his confidence.

If she were on the spot, she felt that she could hinner any such rash proceeding with Sabina's help.

But Sabina was not to the fore. When she heard that Mrs. Vane was coming to town, she threw up her engagement and went back to her aunt's at Camden Town. A trained nurse took her place, and Mrs. Vane lodged in the house.

Contrary to the Doctor's expectations, Hubert survived the crisis of his fever, and passed at last into the convalescent stage; though very weak, he was pronounced to be out of danger, and he began to grow stronger every day.

But, as every one who had known him in happier days had reason to remark, he bore himself like an utterly broken-hearted, broken-spirited man.

It seemed as if he would never hold up his head again—all hope went from him when Cynthia left his side.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CYNTHIA had, as Sabina had expected, gone straight to her father when she left Russell Square. Some time before he had let her know that he was still in England, and had sent her his address, warning her however not to visit him unless she was obliged to do so.

On this occasion she had almost forgotten his warning; she went to him as a child often goes to its parents, more for comfort than absolute protection; and he was astonished, as well as alarmed, when she flung herself into his arms and wept on his shoulder, calling him now and then by all sorts of endearing names, but refusing to explain to him the reason of her visit or of her grief.

"It's not that man that you're fond of, is it, my dearie? He hasn't played you false, has he?"

"No, father, no—not in the way you mean."

"He ain't worse—dying or anything, Cynthy?"

"Oh, no!"—with a sudden constriction of the heart, which might have told her how dear Hubert was to her still.

"Then you've quarrelled?"

"I suppose we have," said Cynthia, with an unnatural laugh. "Oh, yes—we have quarrelled, and we shall never see each other any more!"

"In that case, my girl, you'd better cast in your lot with me. Shall we leave England to-morrow?"

Cynthia was silent for a moment.

"Is it safer for you to go or stay, father?"

"Well, it's about equal," said Westwood cheerfully. "They're watching the ports, I understand; so maybe I should have a difficulty in getting off. On the other hand I'm pretty certain that the landlady here suspects me; and I thought of making tracks early to-morrow morning, Cynthia, my dear, if you have no objection to an early start."

"Anything you please, dear father."

"We're safest in London, I think," said Westwood thoughtfully; "but I think that I shall try to get out of the country as soon as I can. I am afraid it is no good to follow up my clue, Cynthia; I can't find out anything more about Mrs. Vane."

Cynthia gave a little shiver, and then clung to him helplessly; she could not speak.

"I've sometimes thought," her father continued, "that your young man—Mr. Lepel—knew more than he chose to say. I've sometimes wondered whether—knowing me to be your father and all that, Cynthia—there might be a chance of getting him to tell all the truth, supposing that I went to him and threw myself on his—his generosity, so to speak? Do you think he'd give me up, Cynthy?"

"No, father—I don't think he would."

"It might be worth trying. A bold stroke succeeds sometimes where a timid one might fail. He's ill, you say, still, isn't he?"

Cynthia thought of the fall that she had heard as she left the room.

"Yes," she answered almost inaudibly; "he has been very ill, and he is not strong yet."

"And you've left him all the same?" said her father, regarding her curiously. "There must have been something serious—eh, my lass?"

"Oh, father, don't ask me!"

"Don't you care for him now then, my girl?" asked Westwood, with more tenderness than he usually showed.

"I don't know—I don't know! I think I—I hate him; but I cannot be sure."

"It's his fault then? He's done something bad?"

"Very bad!" cried poor Cynthia, hiding her face.

"And you can't forgive him?"

"Not—not till he has made amends!" said the girl, with a passionate sob.

Her father sat looking at her with a troubled face.

"If your mother hadn't forgiven me many and many a time, Cynthia," he said at last, "Isaho'd have gone to destruction long before she died. But as long as ever she lived she kept me straight."

"She was your wife," said Cynthia, in a choked voice. "I am not Hubert's wife—and I never shall be now. Never mind, father; we were right to separate, and I am glad that we have done it. Now will you tell me where you are thinking of going, or if you have made any plans?"

Westwood shook his head.

"I've got no plans, my dear—except to slip out at the door early to-morrow morning. Where I go next I am sure I do not know."

Cynthia resolutely banished the thought of her own affairs, and set herself to consider possibilities. Her mind reverted again and again to the Jenkins family.

Their connection with Hubert made it seem a little dangerous to have anything to do with them at present; and yet Cynthia was inclined to trust Tom Jenkins very far.

He was thoroughly honest and true, and he was devoted to her service; but, after some reflection, she abandoned this idea. If she and her father were to be together, she had better seek some place where her own face was unknown and her father's history forgotten.

After a little consideration, she remembered some people whom she had heard of in the days of her engagement at the Frivolity. They let lodgings in an obscure street in Clerkenwell; and, as they were quiet inoffensive folk, Cynthia thought that she and her father might be as safe with them as elsewhere.

She did not urge her father to leave England at present; for she had a vague feeling that she ought not to cut him off from the chance—a feeble chance, but still a chance—of being cleared by Hubert Lepel's confession.

She had not much hope; and yet it seemed to her possible that Hubert might choose to tell the truth at last, and that she could but hope that, having confessed to her, he might also confess to the world at large, and show that Westwood was an innocent and deeply-injured man.

She stayed the night, sleeping on a little sofa in the sitting-room; but early next morning they went out together, making one of the early morning "flittings" to which Westwood was accustomed; and Cynthia took her father to his new lodgings in Clerkenwell.

For some days she did not go out again. Excitement and the shock of Hubert's confession had for once disorganized her splendid health.

She felt strangely weak and ill, and lay in bed without eating or speaking, her face turned to the wall, her head throbbing, her hands and feet deathly cold.

Westwood watched her anxiously and wanted her to have a doctor; but Cynthia refused all medical advice. She was only worn out with nursing, she said and needed a long rest; she would be much better soon.

One day, when she had got up, but had not yet ventured out of doors, her father came into her room with a bunch of black grapes which he had brought for her to eat.

"How good you are, father!" said Cynthia gratefully.

She took one to please him; but she did not seem inclined to eat. She was sitting in a wooden chair by the window, looking pale and listless.

There were dark shadows under her eyes and a sad expression about her mouth; one would have known her again for the brilliant beauty who had carried all before her when she sang in London drawing-rooms not three months earlier.

Her father looked at her with sympathetic attention.

"You want cockering up," he said, "and coddling and waiting on. When once we get out of this darned old country, you shall see something different, my girl! I've got money enough to do the thing in style when we reach the States. You shall have all you want there, and no mistake!"

"Thank you, father," said the girl, with a listless smile.

"I've had a long walk to-day," Westwood said, after a pause, "and I've been into what you would call danger, my girl. Ah, that rouses you up a bit, doesn't it? I've been to Russell Square."

"To Russell Square!"

Cynthia's face turned crimson at once.

"Oh, father, did you see—did you hear——"

"Did I hear of Mr. Lepel? That's what I went for, my beauty! In spite of your quarrel, I thought you'd maybe like to hear how he was getting on. I talked to the gardener a bit; Mr. Lepel's been ill again, you know."

"A relapse?" said Cynthia quickly.

"Yes, a relapse. They've had a hospital-nurse for him, I hear. He's not raving now, they say, but very weak and stupid-like."

"Have none of his friends come to nurse him?" said Cynthia.

"I don't know. The gardener wouldn't hear that, maybe. He said there'd been a death in the family—some child or other. Would that be General Vane's little boy, do you suppose?"

"It might be."

"Then Miss Vane will be the heiress. She and Mr. Lepel——"

He hesitated for a moment, and Cynthia looked up.

"Miss Vane is going to marry Mr. Evandale, father. She is not engaged to Mr. Lepel now."

"Oh! Not engaged to Mr. Lepel now? Then what the dickens," said Westwood very deliberately, "did you and Mr. Lepel quarrel about, I should very much like to know?"

"I can't tell you, father. Nothing to do with that however."

"I expect it was all a woman's freak. I had made up my mind for you to marry that fellow, Cynthia. I rather liked the looks of him. I'd have given you a thumping dowry and settled him out in America, if you'd liked. It would have been better than the life of a newspaper-man in London any day."

Cynthia did not answer. Her face wore a look of settled misery which made Westwood uncomfortable. He went on doggedly.

"When he gets better, I think I shall go and see him about this. I've no mind to see my girl break her heart before my eyes. You know you're fond of him. Why make such a mystery of it? Marry him, and make him sorry for his misdeeds afterwards. That's my advice."

Cynthia's hands began to tremble in her lap. She said nothing however, and Westwood did not pursue the subject. But a few days later she asked him a question which showed what was weighing on her mind.

"Father, what do you think about forgiveness? We ought to forgive those that have injured us, I suppose? They always said so at St. Elizabeth's."

"Up to a certain point, I think, my girl. It's no good forgiving them that are not sorry for what they've done. It would go to my heart not to punish a rascal that robbed me and laughed in my face afterwards, you know. But, if I've reason to think that he's repented and tried to make amends, why, then, I think a man's a fool who doesn't say, 'All right, old fellow—try again and good luck to you!'"

"Make amends! Ah, that is the test!" said Cynthia, in a very low voice.

"Well, it is and it isn't," said her father sturdily. "Making amends is a very difficult matter sometimes. The best way sometimes is to put all that's been bad behind you and start again fresh without meddling with the old affairs. Of course it's pretty hard to tell whether a man's repentant or whether he is not."

He knew very well that she was thinking of Hubert Lepel, and was therefore all the more cautious and all the more gentle in what he said.

For he had gone over to Hubert's side in the absence of any precise knowledge as to what the quarrel had been about.

"A woman's sure to be in the wrong!" he said to himself—hence his advice.

"But, if one is sure—quite sure—that a man repents," said Cynthia falteringly, "or, at least, that he is sorry, and if the wrong is not so much to oneself, but to somebody else that is dear to one, then——"

"If you care enough to worry about the man forgive him, and have done with it!" said her father. "Now look here, Cynthy—let's have no beating about the bush! I think I know pretty well what's happening. Mr. Lepel knows something about that murder business—I am pretty sure of that. You think, rightly or wrongly, that he could have cleared me if he had tried. Well, maybe so—maybe not; I can't tell. But, my derr, I don't want you to bother your head about me. If you're fond of the fellow, you needn't let my affairs stand in your way. Why, as a matter of fact, I'm better off now than I should ever have been in England; so what seems to be a misfortune has turned out to my advantage. I'm content enough. Mr. Lepel has held his tongue, you say"—though Cynthia had not uttered a single word: "but I reckon it was for his sister's sake. And, though she's a bad lot, I don't see how a man could tell of his sister, Cynthy—I don't indeed. So you go back to Mr. Lepel and tell him not to bother himself. I can take care of myself now, and all this rubbish about clearing my character may as well be knocked on the head. As soon as I am out of the country, I don't care a rap! You can tell Mr. Lepel that, my beauty, and make it up with him. I wouldn't for the world that you should be unhappy because I've been unfortunate."

This was a long speech for Westwood; and Cynthia came and put her hands on his shoulders and laid her cheek to his long before he had finished.

"Dear father," she said, "you are very generous and good!"

"Confess now, Cynthy—you love him don't you?" said Westwood, with unusual gentleness.

"I am afraid I do, father," she said, crying as she spoke.

"Then be faithful to him, my lass, like your mother was to me."

They said no more. But Cynthia brooded over her father's words for the next three days and nights. Then she came to him one day with her hat and cloak on, as if she were going for a walk.

"Father," she began abruptly, "do you allow me to go to Hubert—to see him, I mean?"

"Of course I do, my dear."

"Although you believe what you said—and what I did not say—that he could have cleared you if he had liked?"

"Yes, my dear—if you love him."

"Yes, I love him," said Cynthia sadly.

"I'm going to sail next week; he'll never be troubled by me again," said her father. "You can either stay with him, Cynthia, or he can come out with us. Out there we can all forget what's over and done. You go to him and tell him so at once."

He kissed her on the forehead with unaccustomed solemnity. Cynthia flung her arms round his neck and gave him a warm embrace. The eyes of both father and daughter were wet as they said good-bye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FIG for intellectual eminence, if it makes a man oppress his inferiors and bully his equals.

NO PRAYER TO-NIGHT.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

No prayer to-night. No golden head
To lie on my lap with glittering light;
But a broken heart, and a sigh instead—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No lisping tongue, no dimpled hands,
To sing and strike in keen delight;
No hair to plait in glistening strands—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night—no bright eyes shine;
No cradled head to catch my sight;
No rosy lips pressed close to mine—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No trusting love; no pearly tears;
No smile; no laughter loud and bright;
No little voice to tell its fears—I
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night; an aching heart,
A life that is full of care and blight
A life that has sorrow in every part—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY LUCY WALKER.

CHAPTER III.

SHE did not answer. They had wandered upwards along one of the terraced walks on the hill-side to a point where a group of tamarisks closed them round. She looked up and saw the tender tracery of the young shoots against the transparent opal of the sky; the great white moths flashed out of the deeper shadows across the gleams of light; from the far-off shore came up the murmur of the heaving sea and the song of some homeward-bound peasants.

She gazed all round her—she wanted to see how the world looked in the great moment which she felt had come upon her.

"Ursula," he continued—it was the first time he had called her by her name—"Ursula, I dare not tell you all I want to tell, because you will not answer me or look at me."

Then she turned towards him.

"What can I say?" she whispered, tremulously. "I cannot find words to say all that is in my heart."

"Cannot!" he cried, passionately. "Ah, child, you can if you try. It is not enough for me to have a half confession. My love, my heart of hearts, I will not let you go until you have told me you love me—until you have heard all my love for you. No, no, perhaps not all, that would be too long. It will take me many days to tell you all my love for you."

"It would take me," replied Ursula, letting him clasp her hands and draw her close to him, "it would take me more than many days to tell the whole of my love for you. It would take me all my life."

"Tant mieux," said Monsieur di Loscagno, 'our tete-a-tetes will never be dull at that rate."

"Ursula, Ursula, where have you hidden yourself? Didn't you hear the dressing-bell? It rang five minutes ago. Jean Baptista told me you had not come in yet."

It was the Baroness' voice, followed by the Baroness herself, which abruptly closed the scene.

"I thought I saw your white shawl going up the hill; and did I not hear my nephew's voice?"

"You did, Madame," said Ursula, as quietly as she could. "Monsieur di Loscagno has this moment gone towards the house."

For Rene, at the first sound of his aunt's voice, had pressed a kiss on Ursula's forehead, and taken his way rapidly through the trees downhill.

"We need not," he said to Ursula afterwards, "take the world into the secret we have scarcely told to one another. For many reasons it would be the height of imprudence to speak of the matter to my aunt. You have already had several opportunities of seeing that she and I are not always unanimous in our opinions. We cannot risk our happiness by placing her in the opposition. Do you think you understand me, my darling?"

Ursula was not sure that she did understand; but she assented. If Rene wished this beautiful idyl of their love to read by no unsympathising eyes, she, for her part, was glad that it should be so.

The Baroness was very kind to her; perhaps deserved her confidence; but this was a delicate matter, which did not concern herself alone; but she could not do better than resign her judgment into the hands of the man who had realized for her her standard of a lover who knew how to love.

Meanwhile, the occasions on which she could see Monsieur di Loscagno "under four eyes," were few and short.

The Baroness paid a proper allegiance to that hydra-headed tyrant "les convenances," who multiplies and magnifies the office of Mrs. Grundy in every stratum of French society. Perhaps she had a suspicion that some watchfulness was needed.

"My nephew is paying me an unusually long visit this year," she said more than once to Ursula, as the spring wore on. "I do not think he can possibly stay beyond Mi-careme."

Then later, with increasing wonder, her exclamation was:

"To all appearance, Monsieur di Loscagno intends to remain with me until after Easter. Tant mieux, for I fear that he lives rather a 'vie de Polichinelle', at Paris. Perhaps I may even prevail upon him to stay for my fete, which he has not done for years. He always pleads engagements just then; but I know he laughs in his sleeve at the rustic festival we get up in honor of an old woman's growing older."

And as Easter came and went and found Monsieur di Loscagno still at the villa Estella, Ursula's heart beat more and more wildly with joy at the thought of what it was which kept him a willing guest where he was usually a restless and migratory as a bird of passage.

Madame di Loscagno's birthday fell early in May, when the flowers were in their full glory, and before the transient verdure of the Provencal summer had perished beneath the Provencal sun and the Provencal dust.

It had become after five-and-twenty years of observance, as marked a day in the local calender as any of the holidays of the Church.

Regularly as it came round invitations were sent out far and near; the villa was turned inside out and upside down with the bustle of multifarious preparations; the garden was decorated with flags, colored lamps, and Chinese lanterns.

A great tent was erected under the trees, in which all the peasants of the neighborhood were regaled with good things, as a prelude to the rest of the entertainment.

But if Monsieur di Loscagno was going to condescend to grace this festival with his presence, he took care to inform Ursula duly of the esteem in which he held it.

"I am staying," he said, "simply and solely because I cannot tear myself away; because you have bewitched me and made me forget all that I ever cared about before. The fete itself is the dullest of things. The whole place looks like some fourth-rate provincial town on the fourteenth of July. There is a dull dinner, followed by a ball in the evening for the provincial dignitaries, who can neither converse nor dance. Now if I face all this for your sweet sake, will you have pity on me on that miserable evening and waltz with me every time I ask you?"

Ursula looked at him with a glad light in her eyes. She was never weary of hearing the story of her lover's devotion to her.

"I would dance every dance with you if I might," she said; "but Madame would not allow it. Do you know, dearest, I sometimes fancy she watches me a little, and then I long to tell her plainly how matters stand between us."

"My sweet child," exclaimed Monsieur, "you must not on no account give way to such a rash impulse. Have I not shown you how cautiously we must act in the matter? I can only assure you that if my aunt knew all, our halcyon days would be surely and certainly over."

"Then," replied Ursula, with a half pout, "it will be better for us both not to dance together at the ball; and you would be wiser not to come and walk with me any more along the beach."

"Ah! are you a tiny bit vexed with me? That's right. You are never so sweet as when you forgive me, which you always finish by doing. As to the waltzes, we will settle that when the day comes."

But when the day did come, the matter of the waltzes—which was very prominent in Ursula's thoughts—did not seem to recur to Monsieur di Loscagno as he sat smoking on the terrace, and looking on at the preparations with the air of being decidedly out of tune for a fete.

The weather was not very propitious either. After days of unshadowed sunshine heavy clouds had that morning began to gather out to sea, and to show signs of appearing as unwelcome intruders over the festival.

"Something has broken the spell of my good fortune," said the Baroness. "For this year the perfect weather on the tenth of May has been proverbial."

"And how much longer shall you be engaged in this bustle of preparation?" Monsieur asked Ursula, as she passed along the terrace for at least the fiftieth time that morning.

"Are you tired of it already?" she asked, laughing. "I was just coming to ask you to gather me some more roses from the trellis. Will you not come?"

"I will come anywhere you bid me, but I am in the worst of humors."

"Because of all these preparations?"

"No, no; that is a mere trifle. There, never mind the roses, come for a few quiet steps with me. This may be our last opportunity of saying good-bye without an audience."

"Of saying good-bye!" exclaimed Ursula. "Rene, are you going?"

"I am obliged to go, dearest; it is no choice of mine. I want to make you understand it all—to take you completely into my confidence."

Ursula's heart filled with an unknown pain.

"Go on," she said, "you know I care to hear whatever you care to tell me."

"Yes, yes," he replied, drawing closer to her, and taking her hands. "Your friendship, your love, is the only sweet thing in my life. Ursula, when I tell you that I am at this moment a really unhappy man, you must not doubt me. I cannot explain to you better what I mean than by showing you the letters which this morning's post has brought me, like malignant fairies among the mass of congratulations with which the post-bag was crammed. See, here is one from your father, relative to our marble quarry scheme. For this long-delayed letter I have waited eagerly; it brings me a bitter disappointment. The company is no nearer being 'floated,' as he calls it, than it was three months ago. And your father is starting next week for America to look at a silver mine some where or other. Another false hope for some one, I suppose."

"I am very sorry," said Ursula, deprecatingly. "I don't understand these things; but if people will not buy marble quarry shares, father cannot compel them to do so."

"I am not blaming him for what he cannot do, I am blaming myself for wasting my time in building upon sand."

"But does the failure of the marble quarry distress you so much—if, indeed, it can be said to have failed when father says that it does not take at present?"

"It does not distress me," he replied, querulously. "I should not have gone into the matter if its success had not been important to me; and time present, my dearest child, is in reality the only time, so present failure cannot well be compensated by hope deferred. Moreover, here are one or two other communications which you may see."

"Bills!" said Ursula.

"Yes, bills—ugly, promis, long-standing, importunate bills, which utterly refuse to wait any longer."

"And cannot you pay them?"

Monsieur di Loscagno shrugged his shoulders.

"If I could pay them, where would be my grounds for wailing over them? No, my dear, I cannot pay them, though I have been frequently reminded that their non-payment will entail the most unpleasant consequences."

"Had you not better speak to Madame?"

"Speak to Madame? About what? About these bills! No I. My dear child, if she paid every cent of these which she would not do—it would be but a drop in the ocean; and I should still be a man with an income utterly disproportioned to his wants."

Ursula's heart sank within her. How soon would the blow from this sword of Damocles fall on the doomed head of her lover?

"Oh, Rene," she cried, "what can be done! Cannot you think of anything?"

"I can," he replied, grimly, "though the remedy is scarcely better than the disease; it entails our saying good-bye."

"well," replied Ursula, cheerfully, though she felt very sick at heart, "we will say good-bye, and wait for better days, will we not? It will pull right somehow."

"Ursula," he went on softly, unheeding her suggestion, "we have been very happy. It is not often that two people taste such happiness."

"Is it not?" replied the girl. "I should have thought all people who love one another are as happy some time or other as we have been."

"But love is apt to bring trouble as well as joy, dearest. Hitherto ours has been all joy; the trouble is that it cannot, as I wish it could, last for ever."

"Rene," cried Ursula, "what do you mean? Have you left off caring for me?"

"No, my darling," he answered, gravely, "I have not; perhaps I never shall. But you see how things are for me. Do not blame me; no man can struggle against the inevitable. I have still another letter to show you. This will tell you the rest better than I can."

And Ursula read through tears which she would not suffer to fall:

My Dear Rene,—I am sorry to learn from your last letter that your position is getting so much more difficult, and that your aunt is still as inflexible as ever in the matter of smoothing those difficulties. Allow me to remark that you recklessly refused a good chance of recovering your financial equilibrium last autumn, when you did not respond to the advances of Monsieur Casimir Meilhan, on behalf of his daughter. My dear fellow, picture to yourself the liberality with which the Lyons silk-spinner would dower Mademoiselle Meilhan if she emerged from the parental cocoons as Madame la Baronne. Will you not reconsider your refusal to enter the bonds of Hymen with this prize? I know for a certainty that your former hesitation has not blasted your prospects of final success. Father and daughter are still open to offers. A word from me would suffice. Come to me without delay, if you see wisdom in my plan.

"Yours,

"LEON DE CASTERAN."

Ursula read this letter twice slowly, and without comment. Then she looked up with the remark.

"And you are going at once, you do see wisdom in the plan?"

She spoke so calmly that her companion was puzzled. He had expected a scene—tears at the least; and she had swallowed down the first apparance of them.

If he had known she would have minded so little, he would—he thought—have made a less elaborate preamble, or even have left her to hear the news from his aunt.

"My dear child," he said, "I am so thankful you see it in that light. You are an angel. Ah! why are not you the well-dowered one? Perhaps we have been foolish; perhaps I have done wrong."

"Perhaps!" repeated Ursula, drawing away her hands; "why do you say perhaps?"

Then she turned away.

"Ah, Madame was right," she said. "The thunderstorm will be over before lunch. I must go and get the roses quickly. Do not come with me. I would much rather be alone."

So she went and left him. Her sweet idyll was over, lost in a passion of pain so keen that she wondered if she could outlive it.

Her troubadour was false; he had charmed her heart away for an idle pastime. The roses on the trellis hung their heads languidly to the coming storm; the orange-blossoms loaded the air with heavy fragrance. She let them stay where they were.

Forgetting why she had come into the flower-garden, she sat down beside a low parapet, leaned her head on her folded arms, and gave herself up to the first gust of the tempest within her. Of the tempest above she took no heed.

She did not hear the low, angry muttering of the thunder, nor feel the plash of the first great heavy raindrops.

Once when a mighty crash re-echoed above her, and nearly stunned her, there shot through her bewildered mind the thought, almost the wish, that the next bolt might fall on her aching head, and end her sorrow and bring her forgetfulness.

A couple of hours afterwards, when the sun had begun actively to dry the dripping trees on which the flags and Chinese lanterns hung in tattered shreds, one of the gardeners hurrying round on his way to restore such order as was possible to the outraged decoration, found Ursula still lying where she had thrown herself beside the parapet.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "where will the disasters end this day? First such a flood of rain as we have not seen these ten years, and then the pretty little English lady struck by a coup de tonnerre. It is as if Monsieur le Baron had cast the evil eye on the fete, with his unwonted presence."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Monsieur di Loscagno, making his farewells the morning after his aunt's fete, heard that Ursula was too unwell to see him, that she was in fact, confined to her bed by the consequences of the previous day's drenching, he commended the wisdom of what he supposed to be a feminine stratagem for the purpose of avoiding the embarrassment of another meeting, after the painful explanation

which had taken place between them.

"She was a foolish child," he said to his aunt, when she told him that Ursula was suffering, 'she should have hurried in at the first approach of the storm; especially as she appears to be so susceptible to the influence of electric disturbances as to faint with fright."

But the feverish attack was not in the least feigned.

While Monsieur di Loscagno, on his way to Lyons, was devoting his attention to planning out the diplomatic conduct which he would have to follow during the next few days, her illness was gaining in intensity, till by the evening, she was delirious, and Madame di Loscagno—who had constituted herself the head nurse—was learning, to her great dismay, that the real source of the evil lay deeper than the terror induced by the storm or the result of a wetting.

She was, however, less astonished at the part Rene's name played in these involuntary confessions, than at the wails of regret with which Ursula reviewed a more distant past.

She had partly suspected that her nephew had carried flirtation to a dangerous point with her pretty protegee; she had done what she could to ward off the danger; but Ursula should consider, as she evidently did, that she was suffering from a well-merited punishment, that she could perpetually call on Felix for forgiveness, and implore him to be true to her in her misery, was a totally new revelation to the Baroness.

"She will recover, I have no doubt," said the doctor; "she is young and strong, and youth and strength die hard. But I see from this violent delirium, of which I do not understand a word, that her mind is more sick than her body; that she is suffering more from a mental than from a physical shock. Depend upon it, Madame la Baronne, her fainting fit in the garden was not due to her fear of thunder. Can you not relieve her sufferings by sending for one or the other of these people on whom she calls so piteously? For her mother? Well, yes, if you fear the responsibility of curing her; otherwise, I tell you, there is no immediate danger."

But Madame di Loscagno did not fear the responsibility, and so it came to pass a few days later that a carriage drove up to the Villa Estella, from which Mrs. Armitage and Felix Martain descended; and were met by the Baroness on the threshold. The pleasant old face and bright eyes were worn and dimmed, as if with long watching; but they were no longer sad or anxious.

"Welcome to you both after your long hurried journey," she said, taking a hand of each of her guests. "I am delighted that you have come to find her better. When I wrote to you she was delirious; she knew no one. She fancied you were already here. Her chief cry was for Monsieur Felix. She seemed to have some great matter to speak with him about; but the day before yesterday the fever left her, she slept quietly, and already her strength is returning. She knows you are coming; she was the first to hear your carriage-wheels. Will you come to her at once? You must not blame me for what Ursula has suffered. I could not have averted it, and, perhaps, it will bear its fruit of happiness for you all."

The next moment Ursula was in her mother's arms, and the hand which she held out to Felix was clasped in both of his.

"Felix," she said, "oh, Felix, how glad I am to see you again! You must have forgiven me; you must care for me still, or you would not have come."

And Martain, whose eyes clouded over unaccountably as he heard these welcome words, bent down and whispered:

"We said we would forgive and forget, did we not, dearest?"

Then he bent lower and kissed her pale forehead, and looked into her eyes for a moment, then turned and went away out of the room.

He wanted nothing better than to be alone with the joy that had come to him after his long pain.

An hour or two afterwards, when Ursula had sunk to sleep, Madame di Loscagno came softly into the room.

"Ah, she is sleeping, I see," she whispered; "then my congratulations must wait till she wakes. I have been talking with Monsieur Felix. I disturbed him in the seventh heaven of delight, and heard all the story. Poor fellow, I'm sorry to think he has too work so hard for such a small competence. You do not think you are being imprudent?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Armitage, emphatically. "If the matter rested with me—so great is my confidence in him—he might marry her as soon as she is strong enough to walk up the church; but unfortunately for him, Mr. Armitage will not allow me to decide the matter."

"Ah!" said the old lady, pensively, "Monsieur Felix mentioned that he was not certain of Mr. Armitage's consent. How is that?"

"It is a long story," replied Mrs. Armitage, wearily. "It is no fault of Felix's; it is not even his poverty. Mr. Armitage is not just towards him. I do not know how it will end."

"You do not know how it will end; but I do, my dear Mrs. Armitage; we must make it end well. Mr. Armitage and I are great friends, as you know. I shall use arguments which he will not be able to resist. Monsieur Felix has won my heart. I shall be an excellent special pleader for him. Now you must come and rest; I will take your place by Ursula when I have shown you your room. It is not quite a guest-chamber that I have given you. I thought you would like best to be quite close to the child."

As she spoke she led the way into an adjoining room.

"You have the same view as Ursula," she went on.

She turned to the window and began to arrange the jalousie, Mr. Armitage, after a hasty glance round the room, sank down with a faint cry upon the sofa.

"Ah!" cried the Baroness, "I knew you were tired. I saw it in your face, though you bore up so well. Here, let me put this eau de-Cologne on your head, and help you to lie down. There, there, do not try to stand. I will get you all you want."

"It is not the fatigue," said Mrs. Armitage, in a trembling voice; "I was startled. It seemed so wonderful to see that portrait here in your house."

And she pointed to a portrait which hung opposite, which represented a man, past his first youth, with striking features, who looked down on her with large, winning eyes.

"Is it then a portrait of some one whom you knew?" asked Madame di Loscagno, and her voice had in it a shade of incredulity.

"It is a face so familiar to me," replied Mrs. Armitage, rising and going close to the picture, "that after twenty years I have not forgotten it in the least."

"After twenty years! Ah, then, you are certainly mistaken. It is some striking resemblance which has deceived you. That is the portrait of my first husband."

"Of your first husband!" cried Mrs. Armitage. "Is it possible you were the wife——"

"But," continued the Baroness, "as I was about to tell you, my husband and my only child were drowned, five-and twenty years ago, off the Breton coast."

"Madame," said Mrs. Armitage, firmly, "you are, of course, the best authority on a matter which so nearly concerns yourself; nevertheless, I can prove to you that your husband died not more than twenty years ago, and that I sat by his death-bed."

"But," said Madame di Loscagno, "I tell you my husband was drowned five years before the time you speak of. His empty boat was driven ashore. I had nothing to lay in the grave. The fishermen told me it was no unusual thing for bodies to be carried out to sea by one of the many currents of the coast. And after all, what will it profit us to prove that he escaped from the sea and did not come back to me? If you told me he was still alive, I would listen to you; but it comes to the same thing in the end."

"No, Madame," said Mrs. Armitage, solemnly, "it does not. For the man whom I maintain to have been the original of that picture, was the father of my adopted son, Felix Martin."

Madame di Loscagno seized her companion's hands, and looked into her face with wild, eager eyes.

"Take care," she said; "take care of what you tell me. I have grown old before my time with trouble that I bore when I was young. You will kill me now if you raise a hope which you cannot justify. Tell me all there is to tell. I must try and judge if it be true."

"I knew," replied Mrs. Armitage, "that Mr. Martain did not use his own name. He told me a great deal of his past history, for he professed a warm friendship for me—a friendship which annoyed Mr. Armitage, and which is at the root of his prejudice against Felix."

"Go on," said Madame di Loscagno, feverishly. "And was there anything in the past history of this friend of yours relating to a rash, runaway marriage, and its consequences?"

"That marriage was the chief incident of the history. He told me that it turned out very unhappily. He accepted no part of the blame as his share. But I do not think I believed him. I knew him too well for that; and I honestly pitied the woman who had adored him, and whom he had deserted."

"We were both to blame," replied the Baroness. "I was the most to be pitied, for my love outlived his."

"So I understood," went on Mrs. Armitage. "And at length, when his bondage became unbearable, he determined on a desperate plan of escape. His little son, to whom he was most blindly devoted, he took with him. The empty boat was only a blind to set you morally free, and to check search. He told me no names; and sometimes I used to wonder whether the story were really true, or if it were only one of the many romances he used to weave to engage my interest in him. When he was seized with the illness which proved fatal to him, he sent for me. I reached his death-bed in time to accept the charge of little Felix, but not to hear any disclosures by which I could trace out the child's identity. If my story requires corroboration—as you may well feel it does—Felix can show you a locket which he wears, containing two miniatures: one of his father, and one of a lady whom I have always supposed to be his mother. This locket was the only memento of any kind found among Mr. Martain's effects, when they were sold at Homburg twenty years ago to pay his hotel bill."

The Baroness was lying back in her chair, her eyes were closed, and her face was working with emotion.

"Ah me!" she cried, when Mrs. Armitage had finished; "strange as it is, it will be true after all; and I have a son who is not a little dead baby. No, no, I'm not going to faint; my heart is beating at double rate, that is all. I am going to find my son, and to tell him all myself. Let me go alone. Afterwards, I shall thank you for all you have done for him, and for giving him back to me. Just now I cannot find words."

A few minutes after, Felix, walking to and fro along a shady garden-path, was suddenly accosted by his hostess, whose agitated face showed signs of recent tears.

"Madame," he cried, "she has had a relapse. I feared it was all too good to be true."

"No," said Madame di Loscagno, making a great effort to speak calmly, "she is not worse, and the best of news is not too good to be true to day. Your thoughts are full of your love and your new-found happiness, and here comes an old woman and breaks in upon your reverie, and takes your hands and looks into your eyes as if she were your oldest, most familiar friend, and as she looks, she sees nothing but a happiness which she can neither increase nor diminish for you. Yet, will you believe her, if she says that your heart does not beat so wildly and triumphantly as hers; that your love, which has come back to you from the brink of the grave, is as nothing to hers which has come back to life after it had laid among the dead for long years? I am talking riddles. Ah, it is not so easy to put it plainly. See, here, on your watch chain you wear a little old-fashioned medallion. I open it. Are you surprised that I know the curious trick of its ancient spring? Here is a face which yours faintly resembles. It is your father's face, is it not? You see I have guessed rightly. And here is another face. The hair is brown and full; there are no wrinkles on the brow; the eyes are bright; the cheeks are round; the lips smile. It is your mother. No doubt she has changed since this was her likeness; she has suffered, perhaps; she has mourned and repented for what she could not undo, more than for what she had done?"

"I do not know," said Felix, gravely. "I left her when I was only four years old. Mrs. Armitage has been the only mother I have known."

"It is I who tell you she has done all this. I tell you, I do not ask you. Listen, Felix. Long ago, there was a dark page written in my history. I was headstrong and rebellious; I insisted on choosing my own life, and I made a bad choice. I gave away all the love I had to give; and I gave it unwisely. When I found out how foolish I had been, I could not leave off loving. I could only begin suffering. Then, when things got to the worst, my husband—for whom I had given up my home and all my friends—went away and left me, and robbed me of my only child. He is dead now, I must not say anything against him; least of all to you. Felix, do you understand? Mrs. Armitage has been the only mother you have known; but the mother who bore you has mourned for you and longed for you every day of her long, lonely life, and to-day God has brought you back to her."

* * * * * *

A few weeks later, when Ursula was strong again, there were festivities at the Villa Estella far more brilliant than any which had been celebrated there in past days, at which festivities the Baroness presented to all her friends and neighbors the son whom for so many years, she had believed dead, and the love of his boyhood—now his affianced wife—Ursula Armitage.

Mr. Armitage was not present on the occasion. Long after the great events had transpired, the news thereof reached him far out in the wilds of Colorado, where he was busily investigating some land, said to contain rich nitrates, with a view of purchasing it for a would-be speculator.

Nor was Monsieur le Baron di Loscagno one of those who shared in the rejoicings. He was just then busily engaged in the formalities which immediately preceded his marriage with the well-dowered daughter of the silk-weaver. Nor did he ever extend a cordial hand of welcome to his new-found cousin-in-law, whom he considered rather in the light of a let and hindrance to his own pecuniary prospects, than as an advantageous addition to his connexions. Madame di Loscagno assures him, however, for his consolation, that she has set him down for a handsome sum in her new will, adding, that she hopes he will not come into his inheritance until she has seen her grandson Felix grow to manhood, by way of compensation for what she was robbed of earlier in life.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

THE CELLAR.—The cellar should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected now. The air should be allowed to circulate freely, and a dusting of freshly slaked lime given the floor.

HEALTH.—More attention should be paid to health than to any other one thing. We have too many delicate animals in our herds. Diseased animals may transmit their disorders through dairy products to the human family.

OLD PAINT.—The ordinary method of scraping or burning off old paint is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes and is also laborious. Soda and quicklime are far more thorough. The solution is far more thorough. The solution of half of each is thus made: Dissolve the soda in water, and then add the lime, and apply with a brush to the old paint, which can thus be removed in a few minutes.

LINSEED MEAL.—One of the best and most useful foods for general purposes for the farmer to have on hand is linseed meal. For rearing calves it is not excelled, when mixed with skimmed milk, and it comes into frequent play as a constituent of the food of almost all of our domestic animals. It contains about 20 per cent. of albuminoids or nitrogenous matter, with about 19 per cent. of carbohydrates. Those who have never used it will do well to give it a trial. Once introduced on the farm, the farmer will seldom do without it.

TRICKS OF GAMBLERS.—A Chinese gambler arrested in San Francisco, had a clever arrangement for cheating on his person. It consisted of a steel "clip," which was fastened inside of one sleeve. Two cords reached up the sleeve, across the breast and down the other sleeve to the hand, where one was fastened to the thumb and the other to one of the fingers. By a pull of one cord the clip reached out and took in a card, which was at one drawn up the sleeve. Pulling the other cord caused the card to be shot out into the hand of the player with lightning rapidity and without exposing any part of the mechanism.

AN INSTANTANEOUS BOILER.—There has been exhibited to the French Society of Civil Engineers a novel form of boiler for the instantaneous generation of steam. This consists of a thick wrought iron tube of any convenient diameter which is flattened at a temperature below the welding point, until its internal walls are almost in contact, a section of the tube showing only a straight line the thickness of a hair. The tube is coiled into any convenient shape, and is exposed to the direct heat of the furnace, and cold water being forced in at one end by a pump, issues from the other as steam, the pressure and dryness of which depend upon the temperature of the tube. The advantage claimed to be derived from this form of construction is principally that no furring or scaling up of the tube takes place, as the high velocity with which the steam, under this arrangement, passes through, breaks up and carries along with it any deposit at the very instant of its formation.

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The Crown of Sorrow.

Great poets are the world's great truth-tellers, and it is rarely indeed that a thoughtful reader dissents from the teaching, or fails to delight in the sympathy of the greater mind.

Dante, one of the few poets who are in advance of all others, declares that there is no sorrow greater than to remember happy days when we are in misery.

Surely, this is not true of all natures and of all sorrows!

The misery we bring on ourselves by mistakes and misdeeds has its own peculiar pang of remorse, and there are few things more senseless than to deem a trouble unworthy of commiseration because a man "has brought it on himself."

That is the very thing which claims our pity; assuredly it is not remembering the happier times which is the anguish, but rather recollecting the fault which ended them.

There are, however, many troubles which come to us either from the faults of others, or apparently directly from the Hand of God for our discipline and chastening; and in such instances there should be solace, not sorrow, in remembering the happier times.

Let us suppose the case of suddenly reduced circumstances. Is there no thankfulness in remembering the day when we could help others, were it only in a trifling degree?

Is there no satisfaction in knowing that our modest hospitalities were the means of bringing strangers together who were destined to form true friendships, one of the pleasantest privileges of entertaining guests?

Is there no pleasure in looking back on the bright days of early travel, in remembering the wonders of nature and art one has beheld, and seeing them again in memory's untarnished mirror?

When stricken by illness, ought we to lament over the recollection of the happy days of health and vigor?

People who bear changes of fortune bravely are often highly praised, and to a certain extent justly; while perhaps too little compassion is shown to those who have never known freedom from cares and sorrows.

We are all a little too apt to think, because they have never experienced any better condition they do not feel the pressure of their trials.

With a very few undeveloped and unaspiring natures it may be so to a certain extent; but with a vast multitude, so far from growing used to their troubles, they chafe under them more and more every day.

In a very popular novel, a village boy, fond of low amusements, improving his tastes, becomes a finer character, and on one occasion declares he has "seen to the bottom of rat catching."

It is a very good thing to have seen to the bottom of many pleasures that are higher in the scale than rat catching. This is what people generally do in the days of ease and prosperity; whereas, the children of adversity often indulge in exaggerated imaginings of the pleasures and enjoyments beyond their reach, and really need to have had a little taste of prosperity to make them more patient under their trials.

Experience of life shows that there is no human being altogether free from disappointments and troubles and temptations of some sort; in fact, circumstances frequently mould character, and perhaps the greater variety of circumstances an individual encounters, the more his character is developed.

Therefore is it good for every one to have had a little taste of worldly delights, if only to see "to the bottom of them," and not confound pleasure with happiness.

But we have wandered a little from our argument, that remembering happy days which are past in times of sorrow is not necessarily an aggravation of the trouble.

When the happiness has been forfeited by wrong doing, then it is the remorse which is the sting; but when time, the assuager of grief and repentance, the purifier of the heart, have done their work, surely even under these circumstances the memory of the lost happiness ought not to be a pain.

Old age is famous for its garrulity. Would the old like as well as they do to talk of their early days, their struggles and successes, if these recollections were mournful to them?

Even struggles that have led to success become "the pleasures of memory."

Really, so far from such retrospection being painful, the happy events of life seem often to have acquired a soft glow that hides the asperities with which they were probably mingled.

Some old writer says: "Blessings are like birds that hop about us with their wings folded, and we see not the brilliance of their plumage till they fly away."

Too often it is so; but that is no reason that we should not cherish their memory, and let it, like the long beams of sunset, shed around us a far reaching glory.

THE greatest battle a man may have to fight, is with his own passions, and for this he requires moral courage to support him in the hour of need, so that he may not give way to temptations. A person without moral courage is despised by every one. He has most surely no self-reliance. He always yields to the advice of others, whether good or bad, has no opinion of his own, and belongs to no party. How many has not the want of moral courage ruined? How many men, when they have lost their fortune and reduced their family to want, have not the moral courage to try and retrieve their loss? How many from the same cause sit idly by the wayside, and let honor, distinction and glory slip through their fingers! They have neither the courage nor the perseverance to go forward, and thus the day of labor passes, and the night of misery closes over them, leaving only darkness and sorrow.

WHAT does a man propose to himself as his great aim in life? Many a man proposes nothing at all to himself. He does not seem to have the wit to look one single day ahead. Such a man proclaims himself a beggar's old shoe which lies by the roadside for every chance traveller to kick at. If the "whips and scorns of time" are hard upon him, who is to be thanked for it? Himself only! If his carelessness lands him in an unsanitary home, if stupidity saddles him with an incompetent medical attendant if his idleness and inattention lead him into financial difficulties he can blame nobody but himself. He has deliberately labelled himself a heedless blockhead—and everybody takes him at his own valuation.

IT is the motive which is the real test of the character of self-praise. If it be used only in the cause of justice and truth, in righteous self-vindication, or in the interests of others, it is justifiable, and not to be avoided through mistaken modesty. But, if, as in the great majority of cases, it is the suggestion of egotism, the bubbling forth of an excessive self-complacency, the effort to force praise from other lips and to insist upon being held in higher esteem than the character and conduct will of themselves create, then let it be shunned as an insidious and fatal stimulant, the appetite for which will grow by what it feeds on, and which will finally poison the springs of action, weaken the powers, and destroy that self respect and independence which lie at the root of all manly character and life.

SUCH is the pride of the human heart, that it cannot receive a favor without a feeling of humiliation, and it will almost unconsciously harbor a constant wish to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the donor. Ingratitude is an effort to recover our own esteem by getting rid of our esteem for a benefactor; and when once self love opposes our love of another, it soon vanquishes its adversary. We esteem benefactors as we do tooth drawers, who have cured us of one pain by inflicting another.

IT is safe to say that, in almost every instance, mirth has a beneficial effect in the sick chamber. We do not mean that it should be thoughtlessly introduced by inconsiderate persons, but that it should be gradually and cautiously inspired in the invalid by every possible method. We hold firmly to the opinion that gloom settling upon the patient has in reality caused more deaths than disease itself.

THERE is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope and fear beyond the limit of sober probability.

MEN are born with two eyes but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct one would suppose they were born with two tongues and one eye—for those talk the most who have observed the least, and these obtrude their remarks upon everything who have seen into nothing.

IT is a well-known fact that the state of the mind influences the state of the health. Hence, it follows that mirth, inducing in the first place a contented spirit, and in the second place a release from fear, tends to strengthen the mind and rouse its dormant functions into full action.

ALL means of action—the shapeless masses, the materials — lie everywhere about us; what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

KNOWLEDGE is an excellent drug; but no drug has virtue enough to preserve it from corruption and decay if the vessel be tainted and impure in which it is put to keep.

IF sensuality were happiness, beasts were happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.

GOOD BREEDING is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

WE judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

THERE is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

STRONG as our passions are, they may be starved into submission and conquered without being killed.

EVERY man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge is given us by others.

IT is not only what we do, but what we do not do, for which we are accountable.

THE weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.

The World's Happenings.

Astoria, L. I., has several Chinese farmers.

An Ohio boy of 14 cut his foot to avoid being sent to school.

There are 1 500 000 milch cows in New York, kept on nearly 200,000 farms.

An infant weighing but one pound was born not long ago in New Philadelphia, Ohio.

After October 1 the French soldiers' pay will be 27 centimes a day, or a little over 5 cents.

In Hingham, Mass., the Fire Department is called out to assist in searching for lost children.

One Fuller, nearly 70 years old, ran a 25-yard foot race in Steubenville, Ohio, and won easily.

A citizen of Tacoma, whose fiancee died recently, had himself and the deceased photographed together.

Queen Victoria, among her many other cares of office, has to carefully edit the "Court Circular" daily.

One county, Custer, in Montana is said to have an area about five times greater than that of Massachusetts.

One hundred tramps entered Grand Forks, Dak., in a body recently, but, strange to say, didn't bother anybody.

Two professional sparrow-catchers have been operating in Louisville, Ky., lately. They sell the birds to gun clubs.

A British ship, carrying on a deep sea survey in the South Pacific, has been greatly interfered with by the fish, which swallow the thermometers.

At San Antonio lately a jury gave George Gabriel, colored, 30 years in the penitentiary for the murder of his aged father, Wash Gabriel, on Christmas last.

Mrs. Thomas Woods, of Warsaw, Ind., smashed the costly mirrors in two saloons in which liquor had been sold to her husband despite her warnings.

August Boortried, a Minnesota stone mason, says he has discovered a process by which granite, marble, or even cobblestones, may be liquified and run into molds.

Another practical joke: Two hotel hands in Columbus, O., covered William Crawford's shoe with coal oil and set fire to it. Crawford was terribly burned. The jokers are in jail.

Frank Hollywood, aged 10 years, fatally stabbed his sister, Mary, aged 12, in a quarrel at New Bedford a few days ago; then handed the jack-knife to his mother, saying: "You stab me."

Dr. Busey says that school children should sing an hour a day, as a preventive of consumption. Vocal music is gymnastic exercise of the lungs by development of the lung tissue itself.

A price was put upon a Chinese woman's head the other day in Victoria, B. C., and one man went into her room and held her caput out of the window while one on the outside chopped it off.

An Alabama boy, George Peacock, was bitten by a snake, and his father in sucking the poison out of the wound got some of it in a cut on his lip. Both died, the father about an hour after the son.

The Sultan of Turkey will give a good-sized fortune to the man who can reduce his too heavy flesh. He increases almost daily in weight and has in consequence become alarmed about his health.

Troy, N. Y., and Kansas City, Mo., are both suffering from invasions of fleas. The janitor of a school in Troy declares that millions of the insects made the building their headquarters, and that he swept them up by pailfuls.

Of the men now occupying European thrones, two are said to be excellent musicians. The Czar of Russia is a fine cornetist and the King of Greece a musical Jack of all trades. The latter plays anything from an organ to a jewsharp.

A dilapidated safe that stood outdoors in Adrian, Mich., for several years was recently sold for old iron. On breaking it up a set of account books and a good gold watch were found inside, and no one knows to whom the watch belongs.

The umbrella reappeared in the role of a weapon in New York a day or two ago. Its owner, getting into trouble on the street with a man, beat him unmercifully over the head and shoulders with it, and then jabbed the ferule end into his eye, nearly destroying the sight.

Grand Rapids, Mich., offered a bounty for the killing of English sparrows, and up to date boys have slaughtered over 15,000 of the pests. In addition the boys have filled a horse with bird shot, punctured the leg of one of their number with the same, and put out the eye of another.

One of Mr. Barnum's methods of advertising his show in England will be to send up a number of small balloons marked: "Present this at the circus door and get a free seat." The balloons are arranged to come down at different times, and will be sent up by the score after the show opens.

Fargo, North Dakota, like Wheeling, boasts of a young and pretty girl-robber, who steals from love of excitement. When arrested several days ago, six silk skirts were found on her person. In a pocket of one of her skirts a 38-calibre loaded revolver was also found. She is only 18 years of age.

At the foot of Sand Mountain, Alabama, there is a large box bearing the inscription: "Drop a coin in the slot and draw out whiskey at the rate of $1 a gallon." This automatic bar is known as a "blind tiger." The man who was arraigned for running this box bar-room escaped conviction, as it was impossible to prove his ownership.

Two Italians and a performing bear visited an island near Williamsport where a crew of men were getting out logs deposited by the June flood. One of the crew offered to wrestle the bear, and, a ring being formed, the bear gave him a hug, then rolled him over the island and sat on him. In response to the man's appeals the Italians finally called off the brute.

THE LAST THOUGHT

BY E. NESBIT.

It's weary lying here,
While my throbbing forehead echoes all the city's murmur near,
And oh! my heart is heavy, in this dull and darkened room,
When I think about our village, where the orchards are in bloom—
Our little red-roofed village, where the cherry orchards are—
So far away, so far!

They say that I shall die—
And I'm tired, and life is noisy, and the good days have gone by;
But oh! my red-roofed village—I should die with more content,
Could I see again your gables, where my early years were spent,
And the eyes that look out vainly, from a rose-wreathed cottage door,
For one who comes no more.

The Brilliant Keeper.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

It was a comfortable room, even for the West end of London. It was not the grand drawing-room of the house; it was not the great dining room, where Sir Philip's patients waited their turn to go in to him; it was only a small, cozy apartment, with a bright fire, easy chairs, and generally plenty of litter.

For a wonder it was tidy now; nothing was on the centre table except Lady Annesley's desk, at which she sat writing—a plain, pleasant woman of forty, wearing weeds yet.

The late Sir Robert, a popular and successful physician, had risen in the world and earned his baronetcy; but this had been his second wife.

On a low sofa, near the fire, sat an old lady—a cheerful, nice old lady, in spite of her blindness and her eighty-four years. She would tell you, could you speak to her, that God had seen fit to take her dear son Sir Robert, but she had been spared.

Upon her lap was a bag made of white linen, resembling a pillow-case, but not so long; and she was stuffing it with handfuls of paper torn into minute bits.

Since she had become blind she was wont to employ some of her time in tearing up waste-paper, newspapers and the like, to stuff cushions.

Maria Carr, Lady Annesley's niece, was at the far window making the case for the cushion: two square pieces of white velvet, on each of which was painted an exquisite group of flowers, Maria's doing.

The cushion was intended as a present for Mary Annesley, who was on the point of marriage with Dr. Scott. She had gone out now with the late Sir Robert Annesley's ward, Georgina Livingston, who lived with them.

Mrs. Annesley looked up from her cushion and her bits of paper—if the expression may be applied to one who is blind; but when she spoke to people, she was in the habit of turning her face in the direction she thought they might be, just as she had done before the darkness came on.

"What about Charley's going to church? Is it decided?"

"Well, I suppose——"

Lady Annesley stopped. The door had hastily opened, and a gentleman entered—a tall, fine man. But for the sweet smile that frequently parted his lips and lighted up his dark blue eyes, his features might have been thought plain. And yet, ladies were apt to say that Sir Philip Annesley, being unmarried, was too attractive for a medical man.

"Is that Philip?"

"Myself and no one else, grandmamma."

For Sir Philip sometimes, half in sport, addressed her by the old familiar title of his boyhood.

"Who will lend me a finger?"

"A finger!" echoed Lady Annesley. "What for? Ask Maria."

Maria laid down her velvet, and came forward. Sir Philip opened a little square box, and taking out a ring, passed it on to the third or wedding-finger of her left hand.

She stood before him, perfectly quiet in motion and bearing, but blushing to the very roots of her hair.

Two thin chains of gold crossed and recrossed each other, enclosing a brilliant between each crossing—twelve brilliants in all, small, but of the first water—a jewel of rare beauty, remarkably light and elegant.

"Philip, what a lovely ring!" exclaimed Lady Annesley.

"Yes; it took my fancy. Mary will like a keeper, and Scott, in his absent fashion, is sure not to think of one. Lucky, I say, if he remembers the wedding-ring. It is too large; is it not, Maria?"

"Much too large for a keeper. Mary would need another ring to keep this one on."

"I ought to have chosen the smaller one," said Sir Philip. "There is another, just like it, but less in size. I'll take this one back and change it."

"It must have cost a good deal?" said Lady Annesley.

"Pretty well. Four hundred dollars."

Mrs. Annesley lifted her hands in dismay.

"Oh, Philip! Four hundred dollars for a ring! It seems next door to a sin. Your father, my dear, would have looked twice at half the money before giving it."

He crossed the room and put the keeper into her hand, bending down to her, and speaking gently.

"Feel it, grandmother; it really is a beauty. I know the price is considerable; but we do not give away Mary every day."

Mrs. Annesley passed her fingers over the ring, after the manner of the blind, and handed it back to him.

"Philip, when do you intend to buy a wedding-keeper on your own account? Ever?"

That sweet smile of his rose to his lips, and perhaps the least tinge of color to his face.

"A doctor has no time to think of such things."

"No time?" returned the old lady, taking the remark literally. "I think he has as much time for it as other people. Where there's a will there's a way. Philip, do you know that you are in your thirty-fifth year?"

"And do you know also what your patients say?" put in Lady Annesley. "They say——"

"I can guess what they say; that will do!" interrupted Sir Philip, with a laugh. "If they don't like an unmarried man, they need not come to me. Let them go elsewhere."

"Not they," said Lady Annesley, significantly. "Philip, you really ought to marry. Delay it another ten years, and your children will be growing up when you are an old man. I wish you would; it would set my mind at rest."

"At rest from what?" asked Sir Philip, in hasty and somewhat sharp tones.

"Oh, well; I am not going to explain," answered Lady Annesley. "At rest in more ways than one."

"Provided, I presume, that I married to please you," cried Sir Philip, who fully understood the by-play.

"Of course not to please me, Philip—I am no one. To please your sisters, and to please the world."

"Terrible if I married only to please myself, would it not be, Lady Annesley?" he laughed.

He had never called her "mother;" at one time had studiously called her "Lady Annesley." Four and twenty years of age when his father married this, his second wife, Philip, in his inmost heart, rebelled at the union.

They had all done so, at first; but they learnt to like her in time. The girls were married now, excepting Mary, who would be the last to leave the old home.

"It is no joking matter, Philip. What a nice rose that is in your button-hole!" continued Lady Annesley. "Where did you get it?"

"Out of Mrs. Leigh's conservatory," he replied, taking it from his coat—a magnificent white rose, beautiful as a camelia. "She seduced me into it just now, when I was at her house."

"Is her daughter better?"

"No, poor girl. And I fear——"

Sir Philip did not say what he feared. He was not one to speak, at home, of his patients. In the silence that ensued a servant appeared.

"Lady Oliver, sir."

Sir Philip nodded; stood a moment or two, as if in thought; then prepared to descend.

"Will you put this up for me?" he said, giving the brilliant keeper to Lady Annesley as he passed her. "I will change it when I go out again. There, Maria; a present for you."

He flung the white rose into Maria's lap. She did not touch it, only let it lie there, her cheeks again growing hot. Lady Annesley knitted her brow. But it cleared as her eyes fell on the ring.

"I never did see a greater beauty!" she enthusiastically exclaimed, as she slipped it several times on and off her finger. "But what a judge Philip must have been to buy it so large as this! Who is this coming up?"

It was Charles Carr, Maria's brother, popularly known in the house as "Charley." A young lieutenant, he; gay, careless and handsome. Often in scrapes, always in trouble; deep in debt, in "bills," in many things that he ought not to be; altogether, a gentleman who was believed to be going to the bad headlong, especially by Lady Annesley.

He was her nephew, her dead brother's son; and he came to the house, presuming upon the relationship and upon Maria's residence in it, oftener than Lady Annesley liked. A great fear was at her heart that he had grown too fond of Georgiana Livingston, or that Georgina had of him—perhaps both.

Her penniless nephew, who had not cross or coin to bless himself with, steal Georgina and her nine hundred a year! The world would talk then—would say that she, Lady Annesley, had planned it! And Lady Annesley was remarkably sensitive to the world's censure.

Charley glittered in, in full regimentals; one of the handsomest young fellows that had ever bowed before Her Majesty at St. James's. And he had no objection that someone else should see him and think so.

"Where's Georgina?" asked he.

"Georgina's out," quickly replied Lady Annesley. "What are you dressed up for?"

"I have just come from the Levee. Did you forget it?" he returned, mechanically taking up the little jewel-box and opening it.

Charley's fingers had a trick of touching things, and he often received a rap on the knuckles for it, literally and metaphorically, from my lady. "What a splendid ring!" he uttered.

"Sir Philip's present to Mary. But it is to be changed; it is too large."

Charley put it on his little finger and turned it round admiringly; as they had all done. "A charming ring!" he repeated. "It is really beautiful."

"Do you not wish it were yours?" laughed Maria, from her distant window.

"I wish I had the cost of it," he said. "That would be of more use to me. What was it? A hundred guineas?"

"Not a bad guess," said Lady Annesley, who really liked Charley, and his good looks, and his good nature, as fond, when she could forget the fear and trouble touching Miss Georgina.

They stood together, singing praises of the ring, now she had it on—now he. Lady Annesley at length took it from him, and held it over the open box, as if taking a farewell of it before she dropped it in.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Annesley.

Lady Annesley hastily put the lid on, left the box on the table by Charley, and ran to her mother-in-law. The old lady had dropped the sack upon the hearthrug, and some of the ammunition was falling out.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear," she said, as Lady Annesley began putting it in. "Put it on my lap again: I won't be so clumsy a second time. It is nearly full, you see."

Lady Annesley did as requested, and returned to the table. Charley, restless Charley, was then standing by Maria, and the two were whispering together. Lady Annesley took a sheet of fair white paper and wrapped up the little box, without again looking in it, lighted a wax match, and sealed it.

"Well, I must be off," cried Charles. "Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I shall," laughed grandmamma, from her place on the sofa. "I don't suppose many of the others will be out." She had not penetrated to Lady Annesley's fears; and Charley was a wonderful favorite of hers.

"Look, Maria," said Lady Annesley, as they heard Charley and his sword clattering down the stairs two at a time: "I will put it here. If Philip should come for it, you can tell him where it is."

She lifted the lid of her desk and put in the little box; then approached Mrs. Annesley and took her arm to lead her from the room. "We shall have no drive to-day unless we make haste. Maria will finish that."

"It's quite finished, all but tacking," said the old lady. "It is as full as it ought to be. Maria, my dear, will you come and do it at once."

Maria carried her velvet to the sofa, and began to complete the cushion, kneeling down for convenience sake. She had put the velvet cover upon it, and was beginning to put round the gold cord and to sew on the tassels, when Sir Philip entered. He rested his arms on the back of the sofa, and looked down at her and her work—a fair girl she, with a sweet and gentle face.

"I wonder if folks would send me presents if I set up housekeeping on my own score?" cried he.

"You had better try them," said Maria. But she spoke the words without thought, and felt, the moment they had left her lips that she had rather have bitten out her tongue than have uttered them.

"But the flitting from the house for all of you, what a trouble it would be!" returned he, in tones of remonstrance. "I don't know that everyone of you would have to go, though," he continued, whilst the too-conscious crimson dyed her face, and she played nervously with the gold cord.

"Certainly not, if Lady Annesley had her way," he resumed. Maria, astonished at the words, glanced at him in amazement. "Don't you see it all, Maria?"

"See what?" she exclaimed.

"Nay, I shall not tell you. So much the better if you have not seen it. I thought it had been patent to the house. My vanity may be in error, after all."

"What do you mean, Sir Philip?"

He was gazing hard at her with his deep blue eyes—vain and saucy enough they were, just then. She felt completely at ——.

"Give me your opinion, Maria. If I did resolve to set up housekeeping for myself, do you think that any one of you could be induced to remain and help me in it?"

Her heart beat violently—her eyes fell. The gold cord in her fingers was wreathing itself into knots. Sir Philip came round and laid his hand upon her shoulder as she knelt, making her turn her face to him.

"Because I may be asking the question some day. Do you know where Lady Annesley put the ring?"

She sprang up, opened the desk, and gave the parcel to him, sealed as Lady Annesley had left it. He slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, went down to his brougham, and drove off.

In less than twenty minutes he was back again, and came flying up the stairs as fast as Charlie Carr had flown down them.

"A pretty simpleton you made of me, Maria—giving me an empty box!"

"An empty box!" she echoed.

He took the box out of his pocket, and held it open before her.

"I told the man I had brought back the ring to exchange for the smaller one, opened the box very gingerly to hand it to him, and behold there was nothing in it."

"I never touched it after you saw me put it in my pocket until I was in the shop. I unsealed the paper before the shopman's eyes."

"Then where can it be?" exclaimed Maria. "Lady Annesley certainly sealed it up, and put it herself in the desk, ready for you. No one went near the desk afterwards—no one came into the room, or was in the room, but myself."

"Lady Annesley must have sealed up an empty box, that's clear," said Sir Philip. "I have brought the other ring."

But Lady Annesley, when she entered, protested that she had not sealed up an empty box—the ring was in it. And she related the details to Sir Philip, as they have been related above. The box, she said, was not out of her hand a minute altogether.

"Are you sure you put it in?—that you did not let it slip aside?" questioned Sir Philip.

"Sure!" repeated Lady Annesley, half inclined to resent the implied carelessness; "I am quite sure. And, had the ring slipped aside, it would only have gone on to the table. I put it in safely, and shut it in."

"Who was in the room, besides yourselves?" asked Sir Philip.

"Only Charlie Carr. He was standing by me, wishing that the ring belonged to him."

"No," cried out Mrs. Annesley, innocently; wishing its value were his. The more sensible wish of the two."

A wild, sickening sensation darted to Maria Carr's brain. It was not yet a suspicion; it was a fear lest suspicion should come; nay, a foreboding that it was coming.

The suspicion did come; came immediately, to all of them. In vain Sir Philip suggested that Charles must have done it in a joke, to give Lady Annesley a fright, for he was as full of tricks as a monkey—he would bring it back with him in the evening.

That he had taken the ring from the box there was no doubt whatever; and Lady Annesley, in her anger, refused to be pacified.

She attacked Charles the moment he made his appearance.

"Where's that keeper?" she sternly demanded, without circumlocution.

"What keeper?" returned Charles.

"The brilliant keeper, that you made off with to day."

"I don't know what you mean, aunt."

Lady Annesley flew into a rage.

"I left the box close to your hands when I turned to pick up the cushion for Mrs. Annesley. How dared you take the ring out?"

"Let's see whether I have it about me," retorted Charlie, in a careless, indifferent, provoking manner, as he made a show of feeling in all his pockets. "Oh—I must have left it in my regimentals."

Lady Annesley nearly boiled over. Words led to words; Charles grew angry in his turn; and at length she hinted that he must have stolen the ring.

He declared he had not touched the box, or the ring; that he had turned from the table when Lady Annesley did so, and remained talking to Maria whilst the cushion was being picked up; and he swore to this with sundry unorthodox words; forgetting that he was not in quarters, but in a lady's drawing room

"If no one takes his part, I will!" hotly cried Georgina Livingston, after Charles had dashed away from the house, promising that he would never enter it again; and her countenance was distressed, and her cheeks were scarlet, as she said it. "Steal a ring! You may just as well accuse me, Lady Annesley, as accuse him; I should be the more likely of the two to do it."

"Do pray, recollect yourself, Georgina!" remonstrated my lady. "Is this avowal seemly in a young girl?"

"I don't care whether it's seemly or unseemly," responded Miss Georgina, dashing away some tears. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, all of you! Because Charlie happens not to be made of money, you turn against him, and think he'd take it. I'll let him know that I don't think so."

Hot words, hastily spoken. A few days, and even Georgina was obliged to judge him less leniently. Sir Philip chose quietly to investigate the suspicion; and he ascertained that Charles had, the very evening after the loss of the ring, and the following day, paid sundry small debts, for which he had been long dunned.

Twenty pounds, at least, of these payments were traced, and then Sir Philip dropped the search. Why pursue it? It was all too clear, for Charles had no resources of his own to draw upon.

But here Maria stepped in to his defence. She protested with earnestness, with tears, that she had furnished him herself with twenty pounds; that she had given it to him in that moment when they were whispering together.

She knew Charles's wants, she said, and had been saving this money up for him. Lady Annesley flatly contradicted poor Maria.

It did not stand to reason, she contended, that Maria, with her limited means, could save up twenty pounds, or even ten. The thing was almost against possibility; and Maria fell under as great a ban as her brother for attempting to screen him by falsehood.

There were moments when, in her own sick heart, Maria did believe him to be guilty. Such things had been heard of in the world—done in the recklessness of necessity.

* * * * * *

A twelvemonth passed away—and a twelvemonth brings changes with it. Georgina Livingston was of age now, and at liberty to choose her own residence.

She was alone in the drawing-room one April evening. Mrs. Annesley was much confined to her chamber, and Lady Annesley had gone up to her. Sir Philip came in.

"Alone, Georgina! Why! what is the matter!—crying?"

"Oh, Lady Annesley set me on!" was the young lady's pettish rejoinder, as she brushed the tears away. "She was angry with me for 'moping' as she called it; and I told her I would not stay here to be grumbled at."

"Why do you mope?" he asked.

"Because I choose," was the wilful retort. "I can leave now if I like, you know, Philip."

"If you like—yes," assented Sir Philip. "Where should you go?"

"I don't know, and I don't much care," dreamily responded Georgina.

"Would you like to remain in the house for good?" resumed Sir Philip, after a pause. "I was thinking of asking you to do so."

A faint blush rose to her face, but she showed no other emotion; and his tone, considering the momentous words, was perfectly calm.

Perhaps both had been conscious for some little time that these words would be spoken. Sir Philip bent his head towards her.

"The world has reproached me with not marrying. Help me, Georgina, to put the reproach away! There is no one I would ask to be my wife but you."

"Listen, Philip!" she exclaimed, pushing back her hair, and turning her face, full of its own eager excitement, towards him; excitement not caused by him. "I will speak out the truth to you; I could not to everyone; but you are good and true and noble. Were I to say to you 'Yes,' and let you take me, believing that I loved you, I should simply be acting a lie. I loved someone else; I am trying to forget him with my whole heart and might; but I did love him."

"Who was this?"

"Charlie Carr."

Sir Philip's blue eyes flashed with a peculiar light, and he looked into the fire—not at Georgina.

"That love ought to end," he said. "It can bring you no good."

"Don't I tell you that it has ended—that I am putting it from me as fast as I can. But the remembrance cannot go all at once. I did love him; and I believe it was your generosity in hushing up his dreadful disgrace instead of proclaiming it and prosecuting him, that first made me like you more than usual."

"You acknowledge, then, that you do like me?" smiled Sir Philip.

"Very—very much."

"Well enough to take me for better or for worse?"

"Yes; if, after this confession, you would still wish it."

"I do," he answered, drawing her to him, and taking his first kiss from her lips. Georgina flew to her room, and there burst into a flood of tears.

Lady Annesley was strangely elated at the news. She had hoped for it in her inmost heart—long and long.

"You have done well, Philip," she said to her step son.

"I shall escape the worrying about not getting married, at any rate," responded Sir Philip.

"Philip"—lowering her voice confidentially—"do you know, I frightened myself to death, at one time, lest you should marry Maria. I fancied you were growing attached to her; and people would have said I had worked for it."

The red color flashed into Sir Philip's face.

"I should have married her, but for that affair of the diamond keeper."

Lady Annesley looked blank.

"Did you like her so much as that?"

"Like her!" he echoed, in emotion, "I loved her. I am not sure but I love her still. Why, Lady Annesley, I all but asked her to be my wife the very afternoon that wretched boy did the mischief."

"I'm sure I am very glad he did do it, if it prevented that," retorted my lady.

"I might have got over that; his fault; but I could not get over Maria's. To uphold him in his deceit; to invent a falsehood to screen him; how could I make her my wife after that?"

"What is there about Maria to like?" fretfully interrupted Lady Annesley.

"She's more likeable than anyone in this world, to my thinking——"

"Hush, Philip!"

The news of the engagement went forth to the house. Maria had still remained in it, making herself useful, as she had done before, especially to Mrs. Annesley, for she had no other home. Better she had quitted it; to see Sir Philip daily was not the way to cure her love for him.

"I hope you will be happy, Sir Philip; I wish you every happiness," she stammered, believing it was incumbent on her to say something to that effect. But Sir Philip observed that her face turned white with emotion as she spoke.

"Thank you; I hope we shall be," he coldly replied; and, since that unhappy episode, he had never spoken to her but coldly. "Georgina Livingston possesses one great essential towards making herself and others happy—truth."

The preparations for the wedding went briskly on. Lady Annesley would first move into another residence. No change had been made since Sir Robert's death, but Sir Philip must have his house to himself now.

One evening Sir Philip was spending an hour with Dr. Scott. A navy surgeon was also there—Mr. Blake, once their chum at Bartholomew's; and Georgina was sitting upstairs with Mary Scott and her baby.

"Is smoking allowed here?" asked the surgeon—glancing at the elegant sofa on which he sat, where was displayed that beautiful cushion painted by Maria Carr. "I'm good for nothing without my pipe."

Receiving assent, he lighted it, and then crossed the room to Sir Philip and the doctor, who stood at the window. There was some disturbance in the street, and they all three remained there chatting and looking out.

Suddenly a burst of light shot up in the twilight of the room, and they wheeled round in consternation. A blaze was ascending from the velvet cushion.

They caught up the hearthrug and succeeded in putting out the fire. Georgina Livingston, hearing the commotion, came in with a white face.

In lighting his pipe, Mr. Blake must have suffered a spark to fall upon the cushion.

There it had smouldered, penetrating at length to the stuffing, which then blazed up. You may remember that it consisted of paper.

"Oh, that lovely cushion!" exclaimed Georgina.

"What's this!" uttered Dr. Scott, picking up something bright and glistening from the ashes. "If I don't believe it's a ring!"

A ring it was. The lost, the beautiful, the brilliant keeper! The eyes of Sir Philip and Georgina met.

Maria was, that same evening, sitting alone; she and her breaking heart. It had felt breaking ever since that cloud fell upon it. She heard Sir Philip come home—and she began gathering her work together.

"Don't run away, Maria; I have something to tell you!"

She looked at him in wonderment. His voice wore the same loving tone as in days gone by; a tone long past, for her.

"Lend me your hand, Maria!"

And, without waiting for assent, he took it in his, the left hand, and slipped upon the third finger, as he had done once before, the diamond keeper.

"Do you recognise it?"

"It is Mrs. Scott's," replied Maria.

"Why have you brought it here, Sir Philip?"

"It is not Mrs. Scott's: it is larger than hers. Do not remove it, Maria. It shall be your own keeper, if you will let me add the wedding-ring."

Confused, bewildered, wondering what it meant, wondering at the strangely loving expression that gleamed on her from his dark blue eyes, she burst into tears. Was he saying this to mock her?

No; not to mock her. No! Sir Philip wound his arms round her as he told the tale; he drew her face to his breast, his eyelashes glistening in the intensity of his emotion.

"I can never let you go again, my darling! I do not ask your forgiveness! I know that you will give it to me unasked, for you and I have been alike miserable."

"Charlie innocent!—been innocent all this time!" she gasped.

"He has, in good truth! We must try and make it up to him. I——"

"Oh, Philip!" she interrupted, with streaming eyes; "you will believe me now! I did give him the twenty pounds—I did indeed! I had saved in so many trifles, I had made old gowns look like new ones; all for him. You should not have doubted me, if the rest did."

"My whole life shall atone to you, Maria," he softly whispered. "Georgina——"

She broke from him, her cheeks flushing crimson. In the moment's bewilderment she had totally forgotten his engagement to Georgina. He laughed merrily, his eyes dancing, and drew her to him again.

"Never fear that I am about to turn Mormon, and marry you both! Georgina has given me up, Maria. In the excitement caused by the discovery, she spoke her mind out to me; declared that she did not like me; with all her 'trying,' half as well as she did Charlie Carr; and that none but Charlie should be her husband. Scott has gone to tell Charlie the news, and bring him up. If——"

"What on earth is this?" ejaculated Lady Annesley, as she came in and stood as one petrified.

"It's this," replied Sir Philip, holding out Maria's hand, on which shone the brilliant keeper. "This mischief-making ring has turned up again. When you held it that day over the open box, and Mrs. Annesley called you, there can be no doubt that you, in the hurry, unconsciously slipped it on to your finger, instead of into the box, and lost it off your finger again immediately amongst the paper stuffing. The cushion has just given up its prey."

Lady Annesley sank upon the first seat, with a very crest-fallen expression.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she stammered. "My finger! What will be the consequence? Poor Charlie!"

"The consequence, I expect, will be that you will have two weddings instead of one," laughed Sir Philip. "Georgina has proclaimed her intentions, and I don't suppose Charlie will bear malice. I think I ought to have given the ring to him as a memento, instead of to Maria."

"To Maria!" irascibly returned Lady Annesley, not precisely understanding him, but feeling uncomfortable. "What need is there to give it to her, Sir Philip?"

"Great need," he replied, his tone becoming serious. "But it is even with a condition—that I add one of plain gold to it. Ah! Lady Annesley, we cannot be false to ourselves, try as we will. Maria has remained my best and dearest love up to this hour, cajole and deceive my heart as I would. And now, I trust, she will remain so, as long as time shall last!"

A Narrow Escape.

BY B. B.

"THERE goes just such a girl as I should want to marry," said Robert Leighton to himself, as he turned to watch Marian Maitland driving a benevolent-looking old pony and an ancient dog-cart up the village street.

The pony and the dog-cart were the property of Marian's father, the Rev. Doctor Thomas Maitland, and they had carried him upon his daily visits among his parishioners of Edgefield for nearly twenty years.

Just now they were carrying him and his daughter, a beautiful, dark-eyed, brown-haired girl, who had just returned from a boarding-school, on their first ride together the morning after her arrival.

"Who was that, papa?" asked Marian of her father, who, leaning back comfortably in his seat, was watching with glistening eyes his rosy-cheeked daughter, as she looked upon the old familiar scenes.

They had passed a dozen persons within the last two or three minutes, but her father seemed to understand instinctively that her "that" could only refer to the strikingly handsome young man with the black moustache, who had bowed to him so gracefully as they jogged by.

He said, "That is Robert Leighton, a very worthy young man, and full of promise, I'm told. He came here only a few month's ago, with very flattering letters of introduction and recommendation. He mingles very little with the people, but from what I have seen of him, I think him a charming gentleman."

Marian thought it very likely that a young man with such a courtly and handsome bearing should be all that and more, but she did not say so.

Somehow or other the subject seemed to suggest another in which she had more interest, for she thought a few moments, and then said, with a little blush, "Papa, why is it that we don't hear from Cousin Jack?"

"Why is it that you don't, rather?" replied her father, laughing. "As for me, I have heard from him but two or three times, since he sailed away on his cruise, three years ago, while you—how often have you heard? Every week until lately?"

"Why, papa, how you talk! Jack never wrote to me oftener than five or six times a year, and I haven't heard from him now since last Christmas—six whole months ago."

"Considering that he hasn't a chance to post a letter more than five or six times a year, and that his letters, when they did come, were not quite as bulky as an unabridged dictionary, I must withdraw any intimation of assiduous attention on his part," said the doctor, playfully.

"Papa, do you think anything can have happened to Jack?" said Marian, gravely ignoring his attempt at banter.

"My dear child, remember that his ship may have been ordered on a long cruise, and there has been no chance to post a letter. Jack is so good that he surely never would forget his friends, and he is so brave and true, that I cannot think of any mishap befalling him."

But Marian was only half satisfied, and the ride ended in grave silence.

Jack Langdon had been Marian's playmate when both were children.

They had grown up together, for Jack's parents died when he was a child, and Doctor Maitland had taken his sister's orphan into his home as his own son.

Marian had not seen him for five years.

He had entered the navy, and while she was at the seminary, he had been ordered away on a long cruise in the Pacific.

He was a bright, bonny young fellow, with blue eyes and light, curling hair, when he went away that morning so long ago. She wondered how he looked now. The last time he wrote he said:

"This will reach you about Christmas. If all goes well, I shall follow it a year from now, and see my merry cos the next Christmas."

But no word had followed that, and she did not know whether her sailor-boy was dead or alive.

"Perhaps he has been out of the reach of the mails," she said, "or perhaps he has written, and the letters have been lost. It must be so easy for letters to be lost that go half-way round the world."

But still she felt anxious and annoyed, and wished that the half-year before Jack's long cruise would be over, was safely passed.

In the meantime, Robert Leighton had not lost much time in seeking the acquaintance of the young woman who had made so deep an impression upon him. The more he saw of her the stronger his fascination became.

He had made women his study, and he felt that when he made up his mind to win Marian for his wife, his success was only a matter of time. He was too astute a lover to carry things with a violent hand.

He was satisfied to call at the young lady's residence no more frequently than other young men, and, as his acquaintance grew, occasionally take Marian to ride or boating upon the river.

He had travelled and read widely, and observed the world closely. His conversation was at all times full of interest, and his low tones and quiet manners had a charm that very few women could resist.

When they went upon the river in the long summer twilight, he sang to her the songs he had heard the Moselle boatmen sing, and his rich baritone voice after mingled with her own trained alto in the sweet German melodies.

He laid his siege from another quarter, too, and called to his assistance her father, whose heart he won completely by his reverent demeanor in church, and when listening to the worthy clergyman's remarks.

"I never knew a young man so full of piety and good thoughts as Mr. Leighton," said Dr. Maitland, enthusiastically. "He knows nearly as much of theology, too, as though he had studied for orders, and the way he annihilates the false doctrines would do anyone's heart good. Don't you think so, Marian?"

"I never noticed that Mr. Leighton was a particularly devout young man away from here," said Marian, somewhat coldly.

"Marian, I am surprised at you. He is a most excellent young man, and I'm sure if you wished to marry—and, of course, I wouldn't urge you to do that, for you have been my chief comfort since your poor mother died—there is no young man I know of whom I would rather have for a son-in-law."

Marian said nothing, but her father's words were not without a deep impression upon her.

She felt implicit confidence in his judgment, and something of an indefinable feeling of dislike she had entertained towards Leighton began to melt away.

But in all his wooing Leighton felt constantly the presence of some obstacle, which all his tactics could not overcome. That was her cousin Jack.

She had confided to them early in their acquaintance something of her anxiety about the absent naval lieutenant, and he recognized at once the presence of a dangerous rival.

He felt the power of the rivalry at every turn. Plot as he might, he saw that he was making very little progress against the influence of a man ten thousand miles away.

He was too skilful a strategist to disparage his rival openly. He did not say that the photograph which sheshowed him was the picture of a callow and uninteresting boy; he praised the portrait without stint.

He did not argue that a man who would voluntarily choose a life that would take him away from her for months, not to say years, was unworthy of her regard.

He only insinuated such a thought so ingeniously that it seemed to come from herself and not to be suggested by him. He did not say that Jack's long silence was very peculiar in a constant and faithful lover.

He left that to occur unpleasantly to her mind from the stories he told her, and the songs he sang to her of lovers who had dared death to send tender messages to their mistresses.

Still the image of the absent Cousin Jack stood in the way.

Ply her with love in what fashion he would, he felt that his efforts would be wasted as long as Marian loved her sailor cousin, and love him he felt she did.

"I will win her yet," he exclaimed to himself, as he paced up and down his lonely rooms. "Why, the idea's preposterous! In love with a sailor on the other side of the world—a man whom she hasn't seen for five years! If I can't win the game with such odds I have forgotten my cunning. If I could only get rid of that infernal lieutenant—if he was here I believe I could kill him—but that's an unpleasant thing to do, and might have bad consequences. But I'll worst him in some way, yet. If insinuations wont work I must try something else."

* * * * * *

"Hello, Dick Bennett! where did you come from?" shouted Harry Davis, reporter and general good fellow, as he saw a well-dressed gentleman approaching him in Parliament Street one afternoon.

"I'm living in the country now, as quiet as a judge, and came down to have a little fun and see life once more. What run are you doing at present?"

"Same old grind," said Davis, grimly. "Look there; there's the biggest lot of news I've had for a month."

And the reporter showed a note-book half-full of hieroglyphic scrawls.

"Let me see it a moment," said Bennett. "By the way, won't you take something for the sake of old times? This way!"

And still holding the note-book, he led the way into a saloon in a side street.

In the next morning's papers appeared the following paragraph:

"Word was received at the Admiralty, yesterday, of the suicide of Second Lieutenant John H. Langdon, of the ship now on the China station. Particulars were refused; but the reporter saw a copy of the letter from the captain of the ship, in which he says that Langdon was discovered in the act of stealing money from a fellow officer, and the disgrace drove him to take his life. He had been playing hard and leading a dissolute life of late."

"With all my heart I deeply regret being the bearer of such sad and painful news," said Leighton, two days later, as he laid a copy of the paper before Marian's father. "I had learned from your daughter of the high esteem in which you held this unfortunate young man, and though I thought it to be my duty to inform you of his lamentable death, I would have given anything to have spared you this pain. I deemed it best to break the news to you rather than to Miss Maitland, for I did not know what effect the shock might have upon her, and it seemed well that such news should come from a father's lips."

"I thank you for your kindness and delicacy," said the old man with trembling lips. "Jack was at one time very dear to us, but he must have changed when he got on the sea, and grown very far away from what I used to teach him—so far away—so far away," he went on with dreamy eyes. "But my daughter shall know of your kindness. Poor Jack—poor Jack—I'm glad now that your mother is dead. What would she say if she knew her boy—poor Jack—excuse me for a moment, Mr. Leighton."

But Leighton, with ostentatious delicacy, had withdrawn.

He called the next day, and found that Miss Maitland could not be seen. The same answer was given him the next day, but on the third he found her sitting in the parlor, calm and self-possessed, and he thought he saw that she had had a great struggle, and that he had won something in her victory.

He was more than ever tender and considerate, gently wooing her thoughts into pleasanter channels, and when he left she gave him a grateful look that more than repaid him for his pains.

After that it was plainer sailing. He came oftener, and played and sang for her assiduously.

He found time, too, to weave into his song a sentiment that he gave a larger and larger meaning as time went on, and as he found she did not receive his meaning unkindly.

One evening when they were floating down the river with the tide, and he had finished such a song, he dropped the oars, and leaning forward and taking her hands in his, he said in his low, earnest tones, "Marian—Marian—why should we hide our hearts from each other any longer? I love you—I think you love me! Won't you accept the devotion of a lifetime—the love of an honest heart?"

Marian did not answer for some moments.

She trailed a water lily in the water with one hand, and rested her head upon the other.

At last she said, "I feel that you do love me, Robert, but I do not feel that I love you as a woman should love the man she is to marry, though I esteem you highly. Yet I do not think I could be happier with any other man; and if what love and happiness I can give you with these lame conditions are worth anything to you, or would repay you for your devotion and kindness, take them."

And so they were engaged.

The old doctor was delighted when Leighton called the next day to ask his consent.

This was the very consummation of his hopes, and he blessed the young couple with all his heart.

They were to be married at Christmas.

And now, intoxicated with his success, Leighton began to relax something of his guard upon himself. It was hinted that his nights were not always spent in pious contemplation by any means, and strange stories of a career not above reproach were covertly whispered about.

It was said that a stranger meeting him suddenly in the street had addressed him by quite another name, and it was hinted that his recent visit to London was for some other than the purely business purposes which he ascribed to it.

He was never popular with the townspeople, and none of them now came forward to defend him.

But the idle rumors did not come to the ears of Marian or her father. The old man was happier than he had been at any time since the sad news about Jack.

Marian had perfect faith in the honor of her betrothed, and only feared she did not love him as he deserved to be loved.

Christmas came at last to the impatient lover, and he rose, filled with the joy of the day that was to end his long waiting.

The wedding was to be at the church, and old Dr. Maitland himself was to perform the ceremony.

The church was filled with the honest townspeople, who prophesied no good from the melancholy face and hopeless eyes of the bride, nor the look of cruel triumph in the eyes of the groom.

With tears in his eyes, and trembling hands, old Dr. Maitland took up the prayer-book and began to read.

He had not uttered two words, when a disturbance was heard at the door, and Harry Davis, brushing past the sexton, and followed closely by a thickset, compact-looking man, at sight of whom the bridegroom turned very pale, passed rapidly up the aisle.

The Doctor stood in speechless amazement.

"This marriage cannot go," said Davis, in clear, firm tones, as he reached the front of the church. "There has been great deception here. This man is not Robert Leighton. He is Dick Bennet, forger and swindler. Mr. Mangin, this is your man; arrest him!"

The thickset man pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and snapped them suddenly upon Leighton's wrists.

"I was discharged through a forgery that this man wrote in my note book," went on Davis, to the astonished people, "by which a young naval lieutenant was reported dead and disgraced. I have followed him ever since, and now I am going to see him punished for all his crimes. I thank God that I came in time to save this lady——"

But the bride had fallen in a faint.

Then, while her father wrung his hands in helpless dismay, and women from the congregation chafed Marian's cold hands and bathed her forehead, a sturdy, sunburned young man in a naval costume ran rapidly up the aisle, caught Marian in his arms, and taking the frightened clergyman by the hand, made straight for the carriage.

Jack Langdon had come home.

SUNDAY COLLECTIONS.—An inventive genius of Talladega, Ala., has perfected a machine on which he will secure letters patent, the purpose of which is to take up the usual church collections on Sunday in place of the hat or contribution box.

The power is furnished by a small water motor. The contrivance consists of a series of small wires directly over each pew and attached to the ceiling.

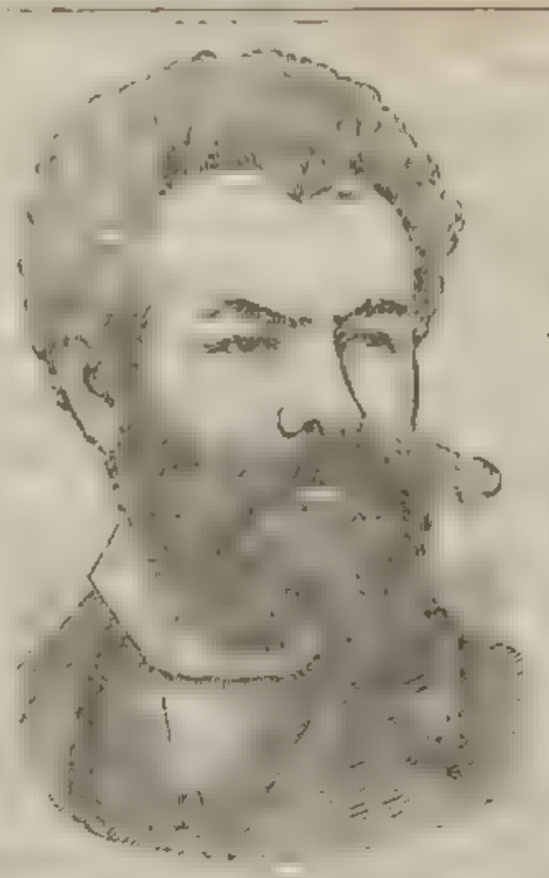
Along the sides of the building and also attached to the ceiling are two small wires running at right angles with the other wires, and to these wires he has attached two contribution boxes, suspended by another wire within easy reach of the occupants of the pews.

The whole thing is set in motion by pulling a wire attached to the motor. The contribution boxes then begin to pass along the pews and receive the contributions. If there are vacant pews the contrivance is so arranged that by pulling a wire it can be made to skip any pew that has no occupant.

THE training of the conscience, or moral sense, is the most delicate and important of all the duties devolved upon the teachers of youth. The mere disposition to follow right and avoid wrong, however sincere and earnest it may be, is not all that is required.

The reason must be brought to bear upon and direct this disposition; in other words, the conscience must be taught to discriminate intelligently. The argument must be addressed directly to the conscience itself.

A LAZY man does not make a good servant, for the simple reason that he won't do.



M. DE MUNKACSY.

PAINTER OF THE GREAT PICTURE, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Michael De Munkacsy's career is one of the most extraordinary and astonishing ever witnessed. The cradle of the great painter stood in the modest dwelling of his poor parents at Munkacsy, an out-of-the-way town, far in the interior of Hungary; and to-day his easel stands in one of the finest residences of the Avenue de Villers, in Paris, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the Capital of Fine Art. When a lad he was brought up as a joiner; when a young man, he felt within him the calling of a painter, to which he devoted himself with the sacred ardor, the indefatigable energy of one of its most favored disciples, and, still in the prime of manhood, he has already reached the summit of his career. Munkacsy is hardly forty-three years old, and yet how much has he done already towards gaining immortality! His name appears on the first page in the book of honor of his art, among the very proudest; and his works, such as "The Last Day of a Condemned Man," "Milton," "The Dying Mozart," and above all, the painting "Christ Before Pilate" will live forever.

The ovations with which the American people greeted "Christ Before Pilate," are unique in the annals of the history of art. Just as unique is the price, over one hundred thousand dollars, which was paid for this creation of a living artist. It is true that the artistic and pecuniary success which his paintings obtained in European cities was also unparalleled, for it never had occurred before that the receipts for the exhibition of a painting amounted to the enormous sums of several hundred thousand francs.

His masterpiece is "Christ Before Pilate," and no other picture is oftener mentioned at the present time. The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, knighted M. de Munkacsy in recognition of the great genius displayed in that marvelous picture "Christ Before Pilate." Every one can get an accurate reproduction of this most renowned painting of modern times by subscribing for this paper, at the regular price. See our offer in another column.

A CURIOUS SUIT FOR DIVORCE.—A clergyman is the defendant in an interesting divorce case that opened in Judge Tuley's court in Chicago on Wednesday. The complaining wife is a handsome little woman of slight build. She said her husband had failed to support her properly. She said she cherished the idea of having a happy home, but did not seem interested that way at all. He would do nothing but talk religion, she said. "He told me," she added, with a burst of tears, "that his home was in heaven, and he was striving to lay up treasures there. He wanted me to join the church, and accused me of being irreligious, and said I was opposed to his church. I was never opposed to religion, and in all my trouble and trials I have I tried to keep my heart right, but I never could satisfy my husband." Some of the letters produced were affectionate, but they were filled with religious exhortations to his wife to repent and flee from the wrath to come.

IT DOESN'T LOOK LOADED.—A Boston hotel, which is very careful as to the class of patronage that shall cross its threshold, and which has no use for loafers in its public parlors, be they ladies or gentlemen, has a unique way of keeping vigil over the persons who enter.

Concealed under the carpet of an entrance way is an electric mat, which, when stepped upon, rings a bell in a distant room, where an official has only to glance through a window to see who it is that enters.

This floor annunciator is not a new invention, and its chief use thus far has been that of a burglar alarm, but there are without doubt places for it in the hotel. There is nothing complicated or expensive about it.

All that is required is a call bell, connected with the mat by a wire. In small hotels, where one frequently finds no one in the office, such a mat might not, at times, be out of place if put on the floor in front of the office counter. The mat can be made non-announciating when so desired.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In case of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

Jan 14, '88 AUGUSTA, GA.

DR RADWAY I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market with no effect, when finally I was induced, and I do not mind what me to try your Ready Relief, and I have to say that I only used [illegible] was after one application my suffering was relieved the next morning. My brother was [illegible] of long standing. I have [illegible] worth its weight in gold. Many other were cured by R. R. R. in two hours of the [illegible] in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water within a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ALL ITS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE,

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria but if people exposed to it in chill and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a wineglass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, [illegible] ness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

SAVE MONEY

HAWLEY, PA.

Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and your Ready Relief. They save me [illegible] bill.

MRS. M. DIPPOLD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

WHY MARK WENT TO SEA.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

A FARM HOUSE is a change which town boys and girls find a very nice one.

When school books are put in some safe place till next term comes, and no work has to be done, all eyes are bright and quick to find out what the next fun shall be.

So it was, at least, with Mark, James and Faith when they first went down to the farm house in Kent; and there they found a nice man of the name of Jake, who soon saw that he would have to show them the best things to do.

"Just you come round to the big barn, mas'r," said Jake, and he led the way, while the rest ran with him.

It was a fine old barn, the wood all gray with age, and moss on the tiles of the roof.

Jake swung the big door back with a creak and they all went in. At first to the town folk it was dark and strange. They could see the big rough beams in the roof, and a hay loft, and on the floor in front of them a big pile of hay.

"May we jump on it?" said Mark.

"Oh, yes, if you want to," said Jake; and he had a smile on his face as they all made a bound on to the hay.

Then he told the boys a good game. They were to run up in the hay loft and slide down on the heap of hay, and to keep this up was what "kept the pot to boil!"

"What pot?" said James.

"Oh, I don't know that now," said the man, with a grin; "but it's a good game; and here comes Mr. Tom Bolt—he'll show ye."

This boy was right glad to be able to play, and Faith went out with Jake, who told her to go down a small lane, where the ferns were so nice she might like some.

Faith went, and filled her arms with all she found, and then stood in front of the door of a small house which had been built by the side of the road.

"Kit, Kit, Kit!" she heard a voice in the house say.

The same cry came once more, and Faith thought she would put down her ferns and peep in.

In a high chair sat an old man, and he tried in vain to rise. He fell back each time, though his stick was in his hand.

"Where's that girl?" he said.

"I'm here," said Faith in a soft voice. "Tell me what you want."

"You, miss? Why, who be yer? I want my Kit, and she goes out to talk, and she left my pipe and my tea out yon, where I can't get to them."

"Oh dear!—sit down. I'll bring them;" and off flew Faith to seek the things, and she had just got back to him with them when a big girl came in, her hair all rough and her face red.

When she saw Faith she went back to the door.

Faith said—

"Are you Kit?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then you'll stay here now, won't you, and take care of him?"

"Yes," said Kit. "Don't fear, miss."

"Then I'll go home," Faith said, as she caught up her ferns.

When tea was done, and the boys said they must have a game, and made hats and a flag, Faith went with them. They fell in line and had a march as far as the old man's house, and Faith saw that his chair was put out in the sun, and he had a pipe in his mouth.

"That's right, Kit!" cried Faith, with a wave of her broom. "I'll come in when the march is done."

When they all came back hot from their play, Mark and James went up to the old man, and Mark said—

"You have got a fine boat in there! Did you make it?"

"Ay, I made that—it's just like my old ship."

"Did you go to sea, then?" Mark said; "and did you chance to see a wreck?"

The old man gave a laugh.

"Fetch out that ship, Kit," he cried, "and I will tell a tale of her."

With eyes full of glee the boys and Faith took note of each small rope, and the port holes through which you could see what was in the ship.

"There, now, the good ship I made this like is far down in the sea these long years past, and all but a mate and me went down in her."

"Then it was a wreck that you were in?"

"Yes, sir; and I was in a small boat for a week, and my mate died. I was most dead too when a ship came near and took me on board. When I was too old to go to sea I made ships and boats, and sold 'em all but this one."

"I don't know, but I think I shall go to sea," said Mark.

"It's a fine life—no life like it!" said the old man, with a glad look on his face.

"Good night now, Mr. Ben," said Faith; "we must go home to bed. May we see your ship some day while we are still at the farm?"

"Yes, miss, you may; and if this young man likes the sea, he'd best come and hear some of my yarns."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mark.

"The days are long and dull to an old salt like me, and it does me good to talk a bit."

"Good night, then," they all cried, and went home in the dusk, James with his smart hat on his head, and Faith with her ferns.

Aunt May met them at the door, with a bright smile on her face.

"How hot you look! All come and have some milk, and then to bed. We get up with the larks here, you know," she said to them.

"Aunt May," said Mark in a low voice, when he had put down his flag at the door, and one came out to him.

"What, dear?"

"Do ask them to let me go to sea!"

"Dear Mark! You can't go yet, you know; but by-and-by we shall see. We should all like you to be what you most wish, but you are but ten now, and you might change your mind."

"I don't think I shall," said Mark. And he did not, but years went by ere he went to sea.

When Mr. Ben died, he left the ship he had made to his young friend Mark; and Mark has it now.

SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

BY C. L. M.

IF, as some would have us believe, it be the special function and final cause of dumb animals to minister, alive or dead, to the wants of man, seals and sea-lions should have easy consciences. They do their duty to the tune of yielding up something like a half a million of lives in every year.

To the fine lady they give their soft warm under fur; for the Aleutian they provide nearly all the necessary articles of his simple life. Their skins are stretched on frames to form his canoe; their dried flesh becomes a choice article of food; their blubber is used for fuel, and the oil from their fat is burnt in lamps; their sinews are twisted into thread; the lining of their throats is tanned into leather for boots, of which the soles are made from their fin-like flippers; the intestines are dried and worked up into water-proof clothing; their stomachs are turned inside out and converted into oil jars or receptacles for the preserved meat; their very whiskers are plucked out and sold to the Chinese as pickers for their opium pipes; and their babies are stolen from their murdered mothers and sent to the Zoos.

Where can you match these creatures for conscientious all-round utility?

Of course you must see the sea-lions fed. The intelligent keeper has taught the tractable creatures to catch the fish he throws them, but to miss any particular piece out of five.

He says, "You must let the third (or the fourth, or any other) go by;" and the creature allows this piece to pass him, catching all the others without fail.

The fish is bolted whole, and the mouth and teeth of the members of the seal-tribe are modified in relation to their special diet.

The jaws are rather long and narrow, and the teeth behind the long canines are conical, sharp-pointed, and backward sloping and are thus well adapted for seizing and holding, but not for masticating or dividing, the active slippery prey.

Although fish is the staple food, and is devoured in large quantities, a captive sea-lion at San Francisco consuming no less than forty pounds every day, both seals and sea-lions will also eat crustaceans, and do not disdain, on occasion, a penguin or a gull.

The Californian sea-lion displays no little cunning in decoying and catching gulls.

When in pursuit the animal, he says, dives deeply under water and swims some distance from where he disappeared; then rising cautiously, he exposes the tip of his nose above the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion, like that of a water-bug at play.

The unwary bird, seeing the object near by, alights to catch it, while the sea-lion at the same moment settles beneath the [illegible].

Then at one bound, with extended jaws, he seizes his screaming prey, and instantly devours it.

A curious fact with regard to the dietary of the seals and sea-lions is the habit they have of swallowing stones, of which several pounds weight may sometimes be found in the stomach of a sea-lion.

The sailors believe that this is for ballast, to enable the fat, sleek creatures to dive more easily.

Curiously enough the young do not take to the water very readily. On this head one writer records some interesting observations made in the Cincinnati Zoo.

The female sea-lion, one of the Californian species, had given birth to a little one. For five weeks the little thing, though afforded every opportunity, showed no disposition to enter the water.

Then his attention was attracted one day to the peculiar appearance of the mother on emerging from the water after taking her customary bath.

She was completely covered with a whitish oily substance, about the consistency of semi-fluid lard.

As soon as she got into the crate with the young one, she commenced rolling, so that in a short time the young one and the inside of the crate were completely besmeared with the oily substance.

The calf seemed to enjoy it hugely, and rolled about until his coat glistened as if he had just left the hands of a first-class tonsorial artist.

It instantly struck me that the mother had been preparing him for the water, and I immediately tested the matter by taking him out and placing him on the edge of the pond, when, in a few minutes he began to paddle about in the water—which he had never done before.

Let us now turn from the seal pond or sea-lion tank to the Prybilov Islands of Alaska, and see these creatures in their native haunts.

It is early spring, and the coast-line of St. Paul's Island is free of ice and snow. In the water around the shores there are swimming, in an idle, indolent mood, a few plump, sleek bulls of the Northern Fur Seal.

After a while they land or "haul up" on the shore, and each chooses out a convenient station, some near the coast-line, some further inland.

Here they remain until the humid, foggy weather of summer sets in with the month of June.

Then it is seen that they are only the pioneers or advance-guard of a great number of bull-seals which come up in hundreds and thousands to establish themselves in the "rookery."

There is not room for all, and the shore becomes a scene of fierce confusion and of an endless series of battles by single combat.

See how that gray old bull guards his chosen piece of ground! An interloper approaches; they growl and spit at each other; the snarling lips are drawn back and display the glistening teeth; they make a number of feints or false passes at one another; their heads are darted out and back; they roar hoarsely and their fat bodies swell with exertion and rage; now one has fairly gripped, nothing but sheer strength can shake him loose, and that effort can only be made at the cost of an ugly wound. And so the fight continues until the interloper, gashed and panting, is forced to retire.

And what is all this savage fighting about? What have men and beasts fought about from time immemorial?

It is true there is not a sign of a cow-seal at present, but the ladies are coming, and soon they too will be hauling up in thousands on the rocks.

Happy the old bulls on the water line station! How that sleek old gray-whiskers bows and coaxes and wheedles the little dames (they are only one quarter the size of their lord) and assists them to land in the politest fashion. And having seen them comfortably ashore, he goes down to do the polite to fresh arrivals.

But meanwhile his neighbor just inland of him shuffles forward, reaches out his sleek round head, and picks up one of the demure dames by the scruff of the neck, just as a cat does a kitten, and transfers her to his station.

Then bulls number three, four, and so on in the vicinity, seeing his high-handed operation, all assail each other, and especially bull number two, and have a tremendous fight, during which somebody else carries off the unfortunate cow seal and removes her further inland to his own quarters.

Thus do matters proceed until by a process of all-round robbery the cows are pretty well distributed throughout the rookery.

The extraordinary thing is that they are able to carry on all this strange courtship and sanguinary battling during an uninterrupted fast of three months or more.

No wonder that they return to the sea mere torn and tattered bags of bones, weighing about half what they did when they "hauled" up sleek and plump three months before.

That the bear and other creatures that hibernate can exist for months without food is sufficiently wonderful; but such continued fast during the suspended animation of winter sleep is far less extraordinary than the long abstinence of the sea-lion at a time when his energies are strained to the [illegible].

The little seal-pups are born while the seals are on the land, and then the rookery soon begins to break up and lose its compactness.

There seems to be no individual claim set up by the mother for any particular little lion; maternal love seems to be joint-stock property, and each infant communist had a mother in every adult female.

When they are a little older the young fur seals seem to be very playful, sporting and frolicking with each other like young puppies, and when weary of this gambolling, dropping off to sleep in all sorts of odd attitudes.

Their sleep is short and they are soon frolicking and loping about again, and this they continue for hours without cessation; or perhaps they struggle for and clamber on to some favorite point of rock, pushing one another off and struggling good-humoredly for the mastery, fairly brimful and overrunning with warm life.

Fur seals are, if the weather be at all hot, dreadfully oppressed with their own warm natural fur cloaks. Nature, however, who has given them the fur has also given them a fan to counteract the effects of the heat. And an old lady seal who has made herself warm with too much flopping, hitching and wobbling will lie down on her side or back and fan herself into a state of contentment with her hind flippers.

And now let us learn how these curious creatures are hunted for their skin, and for their blubber.

The skins of the true seals—those without ears and with the hind-limbs helpless on land—and of the sea-lions are of comparatively little value. The sealskins that ladies wear are obtained from the fur seals (sea-bears they are sometimes called), which are closely related to the sea-lions, but which, unlike them, are characterized by a thick covering of close, curly fur.

Different species of these fur seals are found on the coast of South America, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the New Zealand and Australian Seas, round the islands of Kerguelen and Juan Fernandez, and in the North Pacific. Of the latter species alone the number that annually visit St. Paul's and St. George's of the Prybilov Islands is estimated as not less than five millions.

The natives employed in the seal fishery select a group of young bachelor seals, which do not haul up very far from the water, and quickly and craftily running in between them and the surf, cut them off from the water and turn them inland.

The timid creatures, startled from sleep, seeing the men between them and the water, lope and scramble back, with many a flop-hitch and wobble, over the land; thus a drove of some thousands may be formed, to be driven inland to the killing grounds.

It's a bad business, that driving. The poor creatures are forced on, panting and helpless.

They are allowed to rest from time to time to cool down lest the fur should be spoiled; but many a poor creature is left behind breathless and spent to die of sheer exhaustion or to be more mercifully (if we may here dare to speak of mercy) clubbed.

And the soft-eyed earless seal, whose skin is so much less valuable, he does not fare much better. Through the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia they fish for the pretty creatures.

The skins are salted and sent to the great cities. Very different do they look from my lady's dyed fur mantle, for the soft, rich, curly under-fur is hidden by the outer coat of longer hairs. The rich brown tint is given by the dyer's art.

LONELY.

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

When the ev'ning bells are ringing, ringing out their solemn chime,
And the mists creep o'er the valley in the peaceful, gloaming time,
Comes the breath of wafted odors from the almond and the lime.

Comes a rush of memories stealing, stealing o'er my tired breast,
And the touch of loving fingers that mine own have softly pressed,
Now, indeed, in tender keeping, "where the weary are at rest."

Comes a dream of days far-fleeting, fleeting to the silent past,
Days of bright and golden sunshine, all too strangely sweet to last,
As the rainbow-tinted foam wreaths on the wave-washed shore upcast.

Comes a voice in eager pleading, pleading, urging to the light,
Saying, "Work while time is given; yonder cometh night,
And within the gates of heaven sadness melts in rapture bright."

SOME ODD REMEDIES.

Many of the old formulæ of medical receipts are too gross and disgusting to reproduce here; but perhaps an account of some of the more innocent may prove interesting to the reader.

Of old, the Northern warrior drank wassail from a scull; and even to-day the African savage blows defiance to the living through war trumpets fashioned out of the thigh-bones of the dead. But it was left to the ingenuity of mediæval physicians to discover a further use for the relics of humanity.

According to them, the powdered flesh of a mummy was of sovereign power in physic, especially in contusions, where it prevented the blood from settling and coagulating at the injured part.

A little of the moss growing on a skull, dried well, reduced to powder, and used as snuff, was a headache specific; while any one suffering the agonies of toothache was instantly relieved by simply smelling the dead man's tooth.

Not only were the portions of a corpse remedials but we find that headache could be cured by binding round the temples the halter with which a man had been hanged; and the chips of a gibbet, worn in a small bag suspended round the neck, were a certain protection against an attack of ague.

No doubt, ague was much more prevalent in the old days, when so many thousand acres of what is now good arable land were lying in waste marshes, reeking with malarial vapor.

But the sufferer was not without choice of other remedies which, if their efficacy was at all in proportion to their simplicity, left little to be desired. If he was unable to obtain the chips of a gibbet, or objected to them on superstitious grounds, many other courses were open to him. Thus, he is directed to have a cake baked of salted brain; while the fit is on, he is to break up the cake and give the pieces to a dog. The disease will then leave him and stick to poor Tray.

Another authority recommends him to seal up a spider in a goose quill, and hang the quill round his neck, allowing it to reach as low as the pit of his stomach.

Aspen leaves, too, were good against ague. And this reminds us of one curious principle which appears to have influenced the leech strongly in his choice of remedies—the so called "Doctrine of Signatures."

To the old physician all plants seemed to possess such curative powers as would render him valuable assistance, if he only knew the ailments in which a particular plant, or part of a plant, might be prescribed with propriety.

His peculiar method of reading between the lines in the book of nature soon established him to surmount this difficulty to his own satisfaction, if not to the advantage of the patient.

The shape of a leaf or flower, its color, and a hundred other trifles were gladly accepted as indications of the medicinal virtues upon which he could most confidently rely.

Thus, nettle-tea was sure to prove helpful in a case of nettle rash; the heart shaped leaves of the ordinary wood sorrel were remedial in cardiac disease; and turmeric, on account of its deep yellow color, was of great reputation in the treatment of jaundice. Is it any wonder, then, that the quivering leaves of the aspen were esteemed as a cure for ague?

How many good mothers are grieved to see the hands of their darlings disfigured by unsightly masses of warts. Let them try the following. It can do no harm; but I certainly cannot promise that it will do any good.

"Put three droppes of the blood of a wart into an elder leafe, and burie it in the earthe and the warts will vanish away."

Sir Thomas Browne mentions a cure that is still more simple:

"For warts we rub our hands before the moon." From Beaumont and Fletcher's fine comedy, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," we learn that chilblains should be rubbed well with a mouse-skin, or the sufferer should roll his feet and ankles in hot embers. As for whooping-cough, another bugbear of anxious mothers, it is the merest trifle, and can be cured by any one who rides on a piebald horse. Snails boiled in barley water are sovereign for an ordinary cough.

Oh gout, thou scourge of the toes and tempers of thy victims, thou that heapest trials upon the sufferer's friends, how many would hail with unaffected joy the remedy that should banish thee for ever! Let them listen to Gerard, and bless the old herbalist with a fervent blessing.

"The flowers of the lily of-the-valley being closely stopped up in a glass, put into an ant-hill and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass which, being outwardly applied, helpeth gout."

If Gerard counsels well, then adieu to the sharp agonies, the chalky joint, the embargo laid upon the rich bonnebouche or favorite port; last, but not least, adieu to the irritability so wearing to the patient, so trying to the attendant.

Among the many vagaries of the healing art none is more curious than the celebrated weapon-salve of Paracelsus. Composed of such ingredients as human suet, blood, and other things too unpleasant to mention here, this preparation possessed marvellous, we might almost say, miraculous powers. Beside it the various balsams, ointments, and antiseptic lotions of the present day sink into insignificance.

Our most skilful surgeons must apply their medicaments to the wound itself. Paracelsus was under no such necessity; he did not even require to see the patient. Suppose two gentlemen have a slight disagreement that affect, or seems to affect, that very delicate thing, their honor. They meet, fight, and one whips the other nearly through the lungs. Must the wounded man die? Not at all. His friends send the rapier of his adversary to the cunning doctor; it is duly anointed with the wonderful salve, and from that moment the wound begins to mend.

Grains of Gold.

Worry is the mildew of life.

Patience is the art of hoping.

The most incorrigible delusion is deceit.

Life is a journey and death a return home.

God oft has a great share in a little house.

Loyalty to best convictions is an important duty.

Good words cost nothing but are worth very much.

It is a great part of wisdom sometimes to seem a fool.

Life is a reckoning we cannot make twice over.

The loftiest building arises from small accretions.

He who stays in the valley will never get over the hill.

In months of sun so live that months of rain may still be happy.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

Our vices are like our nails—even as we cut them they grow again.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.

Hear both sides, and all will be clear; hear but one and you will still be in the dark.

The selfish, loving only themselves, are loved by no one; so selfishness is moral suicide.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Femininities.

Merriment at meat means a long face for the doctor.

If a woman hadn't her weak points she would be an angel.

Miniature watches are now being set in the large link bracelets.

Women are ever dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.

There are no greater prudes than women who have some secret to hide.

Queen Louise, of Denmark, has just celebrated her 72d birthday anniversary.

Mrs Kohl, of Reading, Pa., hanged herself because she could not endure the toothache.

The Queen of England pays $1 25 a pound for her tea, and always has it from the same dealer.

Salt and water will clean willow furniture. Scrub well with a nail brush and dry thoroughly.

Damp salt will remove the discolorations of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

Little Annie: "Mamma, do please buy me a new doll; my old one is quite ashamed when I ask its age."

Two small cat's eyes set in the place of eyes in a miniature owl produce a rather startling effect as a brooch.

A diamond chicken roosting on one leg in the centre of a crescent of rubies and emeralds is a fashionable oddity.

Lena, from New York city: "And you are going to marry, Ella?" Ella: "Yes; I thought I would for a while."

A handkerchief in the possession of the Empress of Russia is said to have cost $1,500. It took seven years to make it.

There is a "Millinery Club" in London where amateur milliners can carry their hats and bonnets for exhibition.

One of the most successful milliners in London is Lady Granville Gordon. She personally superintends her establishment.

The wife of ex United States Senator Platt is said to be one of the best amateur photographers in the State of New York.

Mrs. Harrison recently remarked that if a woman loves the society of her husband she should never encourage him to be a public man.

The closing of a bustle factory has put 500 girls out of employment, and there is no knowing how many more it has put out of shape.

A woman of 97 in Massachusetts claims she has smoked tobacco for half a century, her average consumption of the weed being 12 pipefuls a day.

Little Elsie: "Oh, take me up, mamma. It's so muddy." Mamma: "Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido."

Fourteen thousand girls are attending the London School Board cookery centres. Still further facilities for increasing this number are now being made.

The Princess of Wales is both deaf and lame, but her amiable disposition and pleasant manner cause her physical misfortunes to be overlooked.

The Princess of Wales turns to the piano for consolation when she is tired of court and its empty pleasures. There are few better players in England than she.

Gladys, effusively: "O Uncle Joe, the gipsy who told my fortune says I am to marry a nobleman." Uncle Joe: "Well, let's hope for the best. You may die, you know."

Young wife: "Ah! how fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening!" Bosom friend: "Yes; your husband never was much addicted to pleasure."

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do; I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

Mrs. Gill, of Mulberry street, is the only woman shoemaker in New York. She made a pair of shoes before she was 14 years old, and has worked at the cobbler's bench for the last ten years.

Mr Younghusband (in the next generation): "My dear, those photographs you took with your new camera are very faulty. Ah, I fear you'll never take such photographs as my mother used to take."

Mrs Stillwagon, of Flushing, L. I., is 104 years old, and still fairly well. Poetry, flowers and music are the old lady's delight. "I like the violin, but it never could make me dance," said she recently.

"I have one little girl under my care," remarked a teacher, "whose dress I have pinned up every day this week. There isn't a button on the garment. Pins and patience alike became exhausted. 'Why doesn't your mother sew buttons on your dress, Mary?' I asked her. 'She hasn't time,' the child replied. 'Couldn't she do it last night?' 'No, ma'am; she had to go to prayer meeting.'"

Ordinary flat embroidery may be pressed with a hot iron on the wrong side, laying the piece on a damp cloth; but as this treatment would ruin raised work, etc., a better way is to lay a wet towel on the table or the carpet, spread over this the piece of work, the right side up, and tack tightly to the floor, taking care to draw it tight enough to remove all wrinkles; let it dry in this position.

Helen, to country cousin at a fashionable wedding: "Now, Kate, you must watch everything; this is a very grand affair. See those bridesmaids in their Directoire gowns, and those children dressed as pages; and, listen, the choir boys are singing the 'Wedding Chorus.' It's all awfully effective!" Kate, very much interested: "Yes, and where's the bride and groom?" Helen: "Oh, they're in the crowd there somewhere."

Masculinities.

No man can afford to have faults, the people exaggerate them so.

It is no sin to be tempted; the wickedness lies in being overcome.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, expects to clear $35,000 before the year is out.

Don't strap your vest in tight if you want it to be smooth-looking in front.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders.

Don't let your heels get "slanty" if you want to keep your trousers in good shape.

The Duke of Portland has won nearly $500,000 on horse racing during the season of 1889.

Things are about even; if you are a boy it is the woodbox, and if you are a girl it is the dishes.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst reading.

No man knows what a bad man he is until he has had a woman get angry with him and call him names.

A prominent capitalist of Oakland, Cal., married his fifth wife recently. Five wives and still a capitalist!

"But why do you want to marry her?" "Because I love her!" "My dear fellow, that's an excuse—not a reason!"

Of 50 men in Boston who studied algebra and were prodcient in mathematics not one became a surveyor or engineer.

"Have you the time?" said the major to the colonel. "If you mean the time to take a drink, I hasten to reply that I have."

The man who keeps a secret from his wife may be a discreet man, but he teaches his wife to keep a secret from him by doing it.

The man who feels around in the dark for a door, and gets an arm on each side of it, occupies the time of a recording angel fully five minutes.

Mr. Koo, of the Chinese legation at Washington, is going home to marry a Chinese girl he has never seen. Koo is a nice, domestic, affectionate name.

"It takes a year, my dear," said an old lady to a bride of a couple of months, who was anxious about her husband's affection, "to know a man—and then you know nothing about him."

An Elmira, N. Y., school teacher has just married a young and prosperous merchant of that place whom she birched many a time. She is about 45 years old; he is half that age, and proud of his bride.

Mr. Edison says the world will be like one large ear in a few years. "It will be unsafe," he adds, "to speak in a house until you have examined the walls and furniture for concealed phonographs."

Wealthy old gent: "What! Marry my daughter? You are being supported by your father." Suitor: "Yes, sir; but my father is tired of supporting me, and I thought I'd better get into another family."

Small boy: "Pa, what is hypocrisy?" Father, speaking from experience: "Hypocrisy, my son, is shaking hands cordially with your neighbor and then, when his back is turned, kicking his dog savagely."

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asks some one. A philosopher replies: "Firmness is the sticking to your own opinion; obstinacy, the action of those who argue with you and follow your example."

The King of the Hellenes is fond of giving dinner parties, but the guests who like an afternoon nap sometimes complain that he will stand up and speak for an hour, during which etiquette compels them to keep on their feet.

No opportunity of judging. Mr. Bullitude: "Young Mr. Dawdle wants me to give him a position in the office, Flora. You're acquainted with him. Is he a man of brains?" Flora: "Really, papa, I don't know. I've never met him except in society."

Mabel Meadowsweet: "So you refused him. What did the poor fellow say?" Laura Layoverem: "He said he knew a girl who would marry him and be glad to." "I wonder whom he meant." "I wondered, too; so I asked him." "Who was it?" "You."

After a military ball at Dover, England, a party of British officers proceeded to the shore, where, in response to a bet, one of them went into the water in full evening dress and swam around one of the mail packets in the channel. He was in the water an hour.

When a French nobleman is hard up he has always the resource of acknowledging himself the father of the children of a prosperous cocotte. There are marquises and comtes of really ancient lineage who live by thus giving children born to no names patrician standing.

In a recent article Dr. Charles S Robinson says he once knew the hymn "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," given out in a sanitarium, and sung by 200 invalids, all of whom had come there because they wanted to "stay," and were doing their costliest and best not to leave this world.

While a Burlington girl was singing "Flee as a Bird" to her young man, a sudden noise disturbed her, and she turned around just in time to see her father chucking the young man through the window. He apologised for his slowness to take a hint the next time he met her, and explained that he thought she was only fooling.

Professor Behrend, an English medical authority, who anticipated the discovery of Koch, points out that in the course of a practice of 30 years, largely among Hebrew patients, he has not met a single case of phthisis in the members of that faith, their immunity from its attacks being undoubtedly due to the Jewish method of examining and slaughtering cattle.

Recent Book Issues.

"Fairbank's Hymn and Tune Book" is for schools, colleges, seminaries institutes, and private use and contains a good lot of new standard hymns and tunes. S. R. Winchell & Co., Publishers, Chicago. Price 30 cents.

"Authors' Birthdays," by Caroline H. Stanley, contains sufficient material for school celebrations of the birthdays of ten different American authors—Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, Holmes, Poe, Hayne, Carleton and Cary. S. R. Winchell & Co., Chicago. Price 25 cents.

Among the several excellent novels from the German of W. Heimburg, the latest, which has just been translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, is "Lora; The Major's Daughter." It is a story of the selfish treatment to which a beautiful and self-forgetful girl was subjected by a selfish, proud and invalid father; a handsome, headstrong and dishonorable brother; a beautiful, willful and jealous sister; a mother who thought of every one before she thought of this one unselfish member of the family who was sacrificed by every one to whom she belonged, and who married a man whom she loathed to save her brother's honor, or at least the world the knowledge of his dishonor. Of course the story comes out happily, and the poor heroine is as happy as such heroines can be. The book is handsomely published by Worthington & Co., and is illustrated in the style of the French publishers. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones for October closes the volume, and the twelve issues, bound, make one of the prettiest and cheapest juvenile books in the market. The pictures, reading matter, paper and printing are all first class. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

The *St. Nicholas* for October has an article, "Among Dogs of High Degree," by Noah Brooks, which will give delight to all juvenile lovers of fine dogs. The illustrations that accompany it are worthy of the text, and the frontispiece, a picture of the noble French hounds that belonged to the Count de Barral, also adds to its interest. Joel Chandler Harris is represented in this issue of the magazine by a new Uncle Remus story; Celia Thaxter contributes a tale of an intelligent cat; Harriet Prescott Spofford furnishes a striking poem, and the remaining contents are generally full of merit, both from a literary and pictorial standpoint. The Century Co., New York.

The Magazine of American History for October is a handsome number. It opens with the "Romantic Beginnings of Milwaukee," by Roy Singleton, a valuable article and illustrated with superbly executed portraits of some of the founders. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of the late S. L. M. Barlow, and George T. Curtis contributes a charming poetical tribute to his memory. Following are "Georgia, the only Free Colony—How the Negro Came," "Kings, Presidents and Governors of Georgia, 1732 1889," "Discovery of America by Columbus," "The Antiquity of the Tapper Family," "The Financial Condition of New York in 1832," "A Trip to Niagara in 1835—Miss Caroline Spencer's Journal," gives the methods of travel and the sights to be seen in Western New York fifty-four years ago. Among the shorter articles is a tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his eightieth birthday. This periodical has earned the distinction of being the best magazine of its kind in the world. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

The *Century Magazine* closes its nineteenth year with a number for October, which, besides its leading serials on Lincoln and Siberia, and the Old Masters, contains several papers of peculiar importance. One of these is a study of "Moliere and Shakespeare," by the eminent French comedian M. Coquelin, accompanied with a frontispiece of Moliere as "Cesar" and a portrait of Coquelin as "Mascarille." Another striking paper, "Reminiscences of the Herschels," is by the celebrated American astronomer, the late Maria Mitchell, with a portrait of Miss Mitchell. There are three illustrated articles on manual training. There is a generous supply of fiction, including the negro dialect story for those who like "that sort of thing." A timely illustrated paper is entitled "Base-ball—for the Spectator," by Walter Camp. Mr. Wilson has a paper on "Three Jewish Kings," which will especially interest those who are following the International Sunday School Lessons. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has another "Picture of the Far West." "Topics of the Times" and "Open Letters" are filled with crisp and timely articles.

TELLING DREAMS.—People who coquet with superstition will probably register the recent fall of a Birmingham steeple jack among the best authenticated cases of dream warnings. It appeared at the inquest that on the night before the accident his wife saw every detail of it in a dream, and her last words to her husband as he left home were, "Bill, remember my dream, and be careful." No doubt the case is perfectly authentic, but if the wife had not chanced to dream that dream, or if she had been wise enough not to make her husband nervous by telling him of it, he would probably have been alive today.

RATIONALLY TREAT YOUR COLD from the start by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and you may escape Lung troubles not so easily gotten rid of.

INCENTIVES OF PRAISE.—Praise warms the heart of him who bestows it, and insensibly trains him who receives it to strive after what is praiseworthy. Therefore scolding should be avoided as tending to discourage and produce dislike. Scolding begets fear, praise nourishes love; and human hearts, as a general rule, are more easily governed by love than by fear, but fear often leads less to the correction of faults and the struggle for merits, than the persuasive and exhilarating influence of love.

Every one has some good points, whatever be the number of bad ones. And it is by appealing to and strengthening the good ones you check and overcome what is evil. Some men in their calm and reflective moments show no evidence of the great talents and attainments they possess, but let them be goaded on and pricked by the spur of praise, and their performances and achievements are excellent and wonderful.

It was the habit of Dr. Godfrey Kneller to say to his sitters: "Praise me, sir, praise me; how can I throw animation in your face if you don't choose to animate me?" It is said of Mr. Kean that once when performing in a city of the United States he came to the manager at the end of the third act and said: "I can't go on the stage again, sir, if those in the pit keep their hands in their pockets. Such an audience would extinguish Etna!" The manager made his appearance and assured them Mr. Kean having been accustomed to audiences more demonstrative, mistook their silent attention for disapprobation. As the fervor of the audience rose, so rose the genius of the actor, and the contagion of their own applause redoubled their enjoyment of the excellence it contributed to create.

L. G. W.

ANTIQUE ARTICLES.—There is a great passion nowadays for antique articles, and it has given birth to a world of sham antiquities. An army of handicraftsmen are busily engaged in the manufacture of these wares, which are palmed off on confiding people as being 200 or 300 years old, and dated from any desired landmark in history. Old chairs, old tables, old silver, old jewelry and old anything, even if made last week, have great value in the eyes of many persons satisfied with antiquity in appearance. Worm eaten furniture is now one of the rages. This stuff is easily produced with the aid of bird shot, which is fired into it. Old houses torn down furnish worm eaten furniture. Old door keys, mediæval bellows, gilt flambeaux in Louis XVI style, warming pans and brass fenders of the fourteenth century, candelabra, and even old snuffers, find purchasers as fast as these antique wares can be made by skilled artisans in out of the way places of the gay capital. Old coins and Regency clocks are cast by the ton every day in Paris, but they are very scarce and bring fabulous prices.

AN ECCENTRIC SPENDTHRIFT.—At Fulbeck, near Grantham, England, there has just passed away a most eccentric character.

He went to Australia some 25 years ago, and returned home in 1885, with a very large fortune, which he began spending freely. He purchased valuable articles, and invariably destroyed them.

A gold watch was smashed up the moment it was bought, the back of a silver watch was wrenched off so as to be more convenient for winding up, the straw was taken out of a new mattress for pig bedding, springs taken out of a new easy chair, shelves out of the house for firewood, clocks broken up and thrown away, bread burned daily in the fire, legs of mutton and sides of bacon were buried in the garden, valuable plants and trees were bought and chopped up.

He built a greenhouse and knocked it to pieces. A little pig that refused to be driven up-stairs, where a bed had been prepared for it with great care, had its career ended by a blow on the head with a hammer. He died a poor man—in fact a pauper—and was buried by the parish.

IT is of course necessary that the laws of God have penalties annexed to them. A law without penalty, and it is absurd to name it law. And it is equally absurd to suppose that God in His eternal and infinite wisdom annexed penalties without designing to inflict them, or threatened their infliction without any serious intention of executing His threatenings. A supposition like this must necessarily divest Him of all the moral attributes of divinity. Or should it be supposed that, after He had announced the penalty, He, on further reflection, concluded not to inflict it, though He at first fully intended to do so, this would divest Him at once of all the natural attributes necessary to Godhead. All such conceptions of God necessarily revolt the feelings of every refined and well-balanced mind.

A LITTLE girl, after being out for some time trying to ensnare the little fishes, in a neighboring stream, with a crooked pin and a thread-line, came running into the house, out of breath with excitement, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I got it!" "Got what, my child?" "Why, I got the fish." "But I do not see any fish." "Why, mother," answered the little angler, her voice suddenly changing to mournfulness, "I got it, but it unbit and divi"

"And behold the multitudes, with one accord," praise Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Salvation Oil is guaranteed to be better than all other liniments. It never fails. 25c.

LATEST AND GRANDEST PREMIUM!

MOST COSTLY PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, PAID OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE FAMOUS PAINTING ENTITLED "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

The intense interest shown by all classes in this great painting induced publishers to spend thousands of dollars to secure an accurate copy, IN THE ORIGINAL COLORS, of this Wonderful Work of Art. The best artists and engravers in this country were engaged to make a faithful Oleograph copy of this magnificent painting, and the highly artistic and very beautiful picture which they have produced is highly praised by all who see it.

We are now prepared to send, postpaid, a copy of

THIS GRAND PICTURE FREE TO

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," OR TO ANY ONE NOW ON OUR LIST WHO REMITS US $2.00 FOR THE EXTENSION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR.

Millions of people, in this country and Europe, have travelled many miles and paid an admission fee to get a view of the remarkable painting, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," and it has been the topic of conversation in hundreds of thousands of homes for many months. It is pronounced by critics to be the most notable picture ever brought to America, a masterpiece, truly grand and wonderful as a work of art beyond the power of language to describe, and worth a thousand sermons as a moral lesson. All the Colors in the Original Painting are faithfully reproduced in our picture. Months of patient, earnest labor were required to engrave the stones and produce such a picture as we furnish, yet the artists were instructed to be faithful and give the finest possible result, regardless of expense, and they knew full well a common-place picture would not be accepted, therefore the artists have made a picture that is accurate and faithful in every detail, and have furnished an oleograph picture equal in Size and Artistic Merit to pictures sold in stores for $10 00 each.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING.—The scene chosen for the painting is the "Judgment Hall" in the palace of Pilate, and the hour "early in the morning." Around the Governor the priests are gathered, and the high-priest, Caiaphas, is accusing Christ and demanding his death. The proud and furious bigot is all alive with excitement. There is a majesty about his pose, the consciousness of power in his look and gesture, and something of dignity in the superb audacity with which he draws Pilate's attention to the execrations of the mob (who are crying out "Crucify him!"), as expressive of the national will which the Governor is bound to respect, at the same time insinuating that to let this man go will be treason to Cæsar, as well as a violation of the Jewish law which demands the prisoner's death for "making himself the Son of God." Pilate is yielding to the clamor, while his conscience, aided by his wife's message, warning him not to condemn that righteous man, is protesting in tones which make him tremble. The central figure, and the most impressive of all, is Christ himself, clad in white, with flowing hair and bound wrists. He stands alone in the simple majesty of his own personality, without sign or symbol, save his individual greatness. A heavenly submission is on his face. Never before in any painting of the Messiah has anything of his personality in pose or figure been seen. The face has been that of Jesus, the form that of other men; but here the figure is of Christ himself. Other leading figures are represented by the proud and confident Pharisee, the haughty and contemptuous Scribe, the Roman soldier, of splendid physique; and the ruffian leaders of the mob, as they join in the cruel cry, "Crucify him!" To one side is one of the daughters of Jerusalem, holding up her child to see him whose blessing has forever consecrated childhood. In the outer court the multitude is waiting for Pilate's decision.

A FEW UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS FROM PERSONS WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE PICTURE:

ELBA, N. Y., April 29, 1889.
I have just received my picture, "Christ Before Pilate." Please accept my thanks for such a splendid copy of the original picture, which I paid to get a view of at the International Fair at Buffalo, last fall. It is far beyond my expectations. I have another copy published by another firm, but it is not a comparison with yours. I would not take $10 00 for it if I could not get another. M. F. FOND.

TWENTY MILE STAND, O., Mar. 22, '89.
The picture, "Christ Before Pilate," came yesterday and I am delighted with it. I saw the original painting in Cincinnati last fall and think it a true copy. MRS L. E. SCOTT.

MUSKEGON, MICH., July 10, 1889.
I received your picture, "Christ Before Pilate," and thank you a thousand times for having sent me such a beautiful picture. Would not part with it for $20 00 if I did not know where I could obtain another. I shall give it the best place in our parlor.
CHAS. A. LINDSTROM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 30, 1889.
I saw the painting, "Christ Before Pilate," in St. Paul, and can testify that the picture sent me is a perfect fac simile in every particular, especially in the coloring. I consider it an art treasure, and in view of the great value of the original, it certainly is.
MARY A. DENISON.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION or will refund the money to any one who is in the least dissatisfied, if the picture is returned in good order.

Remember, that only $2 00 secures a Ten Dollar Picture and also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one year.

Address all orders to

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

A LESSON FROM BASE BALL.

To witness a ball game is liveliest fun,
To note all the fumbles and flies,
While discussing the chances for making a run
And each oft-recurring surprise.

But the play that receives the attention of all
More than all other features beside,
Is when the base runner resorts to a fall,
And reaches his base on a slide.

Here's a particular lesson which all may apply
To the every-day contest of life;
It teaches that those who most vigorously try,
Are the players who win in the strife.

If with safety we'd claim all life's bases, we must
Lay our personal comforts aside,
And though we dislike to, go down in the dust,
And reach our fond goal on a slide.

—U. N. NONE

A growing industry—Farming.

Long division—Separation for life.

Parlor sets—Midnight courtships.

Going the rounds—Climbing a ladder.

A deep mystery—The bed of the ocean

When cold weather comes charity begins to hum.

"I'm down on you," as the feather said to the goose.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

Domestic skeletons are usually formed of the bones of contention.

It is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.

When a man feels he's all broken up he's just on the point of breaking down.

Patient: "Do cucumbers distress all people, doctor?" Doctor: "No, sir; only those who eat them."

When a man and a bull in an open lot are both making for the same fence, it is a toss-up which will go over first.

A man whose wife is not blessed with an especially mild temper says he goes through his meals to the tune of "Marching Through Jawedyer."

Miss Wollope: "Pa, I'm engaged!" Father Wollope: "Yes; and you'll marry an idiot, I suppose!" Miss Wollope: "Well, ma did. Why shouldn't I?"

Wife: "Well, what do you think is the matter with my husband, doctor?" Doctor: "I fear he has got water on the brain." Wife: "I'll bet he hain't. If it's anything it's whisky."

A church bell recently rang one hundred and four times—one single stroke for each year of its existence. This is the only instance on record where the age of a bell has been tolled.

Mrs. Youngwife, at breakfast: "There is no bread on the table, Nora." Nora: "Shure, there's none in the house, mum." Mrs. Youngwife, severely: "Then make some toast."

"I know my defects," said Jenkins, pompously; and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to another softly: "What an awful lot that man must know!"

Policeman, sternly: "What are you doing on the street at this hour of the night?" Prowler, joyfully: "By George, you're exactly the man I want to see! I'm trying to find a saloon."

She, in restaurant: "And do they really put these poor crabs on the fire while they are still alive, George?" He: "Yes." She: "Well, isn't it very cruel to the poor things?" He: "Oh, they got used to it."

Countryman: "Who are they putting that statue up for?" Citizen: "That's the statue of James Brown Smith." "Did he do anything great or wise while he lived?" "Yes; he paid for the statue before he died."

A soldier, who was wounded in battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman, who lay near with both legs shot off, immediately sang out: "Bad luck to the likes of ye—do ye think that nobody is kilt but yerself?"

Papa, to little Ethel: "Do you know, dear, that the one bright star you see above me is bigger than all the earth?" Ethel: "Oh, no, papa, that can't be." Papa: "But it is, my dear." Ethel: "Then why doesn't it keep off the rain?"

"Do you think that marriage is a failure?" asked Mrs. Wiggleson of her husband. "Humph," growled Mr. W., "that's the way with you. You're always looking around for a chance to get your feelings hurt so you can have a quarrel."

Nurse, reading "Arabian Nights": "And when the fisherman opened the bottle, there was a rushing sound, and the faharman fell on his knees before the awful Djinn." Tommy Bonzie, aged 6: "He wasn't much of a faherman to be afraid of a sing lize."

Minister, to Johnny, who is digging worms for bait: "Johnny, don't you know that it is wrong for you to do any work except work of necessity on the Sabbath?" Johnny: "Necessity? Ain't this necessity? How's a feller to do any fishin' if he don't have bait?"

The tippler who wished that he was a giraffe, because he would then have a neck so long that the pleasure of drinking would necessarily be lengthened, should be satisfied to let well enough alone. He might have been a camel, that is often compelled to go a week without a drink.

"Steward," he said feebly, in the small hours of the stormy night, trying to turn over in his berth, "steward, what's that?" "The sailor on deck, sir." "Yes; but what did he say just now?" "'All well,' sir." "My, what a liar!" And he turned over and moaned a mal de mer moan.

Farm and Garden.

THE WOMEN-FOLKS.—It is the duty of every farmer to keep one horse that is safe for the women-folks to handle. If farmers would teach their wives and daughters how to manage a horse there would not be so many accidents.

CHICKENS.—A large flock of hens do not thrive as well as a smaller flock, owing to crowding and competition. The scraps from the table amount to but little when given to large flocks, but for a few hens they are of advantage and greatly reduce the cost.

GROUND BONE.—Ground bone is a fertilizer that benefits nearly all crops, can be applied at all seasons of the year, will not injure any tree or plant, is permanent and lasting in its effects and is the cheapest form of fertilizer in proportion to the benefit that it imparts that can be used.

SIZE OF FARMS.—It is a remarkable fact that a farmer who produces a large or unusually profitable crop, or one that has been unusually successful, you will find that he commenced farming with a small farm and only increased its size as his means increased and only as he could give the same care and attention to the additional acres that he formerly gave to the original. Small farms, as a rule, pay better than large ones.

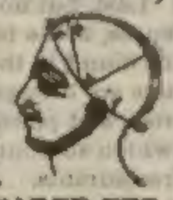
IN Yarkand the Chinese authorities have imposed a most curious tax, viz., five cop on all women who intend entering the bonds of wedlock. A traveller who has been there states that all merchants who visit Kashkar are obliged to take a wife. As soon as they leave the town the wife obtains another husband, and thus the five-cop tax brings in a considerable revenue to the Government.

THERE is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others. If he search for it through his whole life he will never find it. To diminish the welfare of his neighbors will add no mite to his own store. On the contrary, happiness increases as it is shared, and diminishes as it is selfishly grasped.

WHAT this country needs is a maple sugar that will pass a thorough civil-service examination at all seasons of the year.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

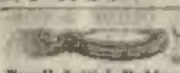
JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 208 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1000 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.



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SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A good man to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

TAKE AN AGENCY for the Best Utensil in the universe. DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING ROASTING PAN. Needed in every family. SAVES 20 Per Cent. In Roasting, and Bakes the Best Bread in the world. Address for terms W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. or Western Office, 184 E. Indiana St., Chicago.

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For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of RIBBON BADGES for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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DEALER IN
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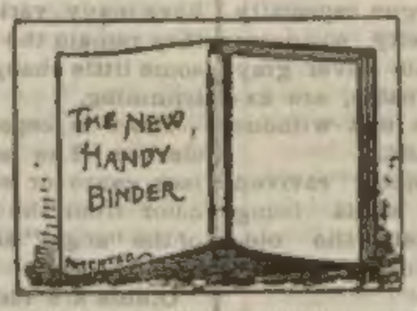
939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

"The Handy Binder."



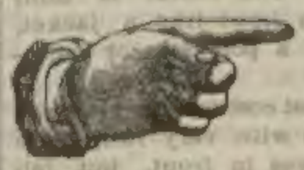
Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2 00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A new material composed of wool, cotton and silk, mixed together, is to be the greatest novelty of this autumn and for next winter.

It enjoys various names according to its combinations. If the background be of mixed wool and cotton, with a silk design in checks on it, it is called "Royal."

If the background be a soft twill of mixed wool and cotton, with satin stripes on it, then on account of its similarity to Eastern materials in its design and soft texture, and also the blending of its colors.

Although so soft and fine in texture, this new material is remarkably substantial and good wearing.

Another new material is a soft woollen twill, checked with a woollen brocade, over which a second check is worked in silk. For instance, a white woolen twill may be checked in mohair and then again in silk.

Nothing can possibly be prettier than this. This material, in dark blue and other colors, will be used very much for boating, yachting, pic-nics, &c.

Another variety has a little colored silk check right in the centre of the white checks. Spun silks, intended for Garibaldi bodices, are also very lovely.

Every artistic color is employed for all these new materials, especially in the check designs, the ground-work being also frequently shaded.

Alpaca is very much in vogue, especially pale silver gray. Very pretty costumes composed of one of these pale silver gray dresses, and dust-cloak to match, are extremely fashionable. A silk belt without ends is worn around the waist.

Shot silk is another antiquity revived and improved, the new shots being much more æsthetic than the old-fashioned shots which some of us remember.

The new shots show a very, very pale surface, through which is seen another color, as if the other surface were of gauze, through which is seen another color beneath, as white over pink, &c.

Fancy woollen goods are too numerous to mention. Woollen crepons are particularly pretty and, according to their color, make day or evening dresses. For day, they have embroidery round the skirt, and for evening, lace.

The sash for these dresses, also, is of lace for evening, and embroidery for day. Veiling, muslin de laine, foulard de laine, make pretty demi-saison dresses. The skirt of the costume will then be edged round with a deep flounce, edged round with lace, and a sash of the same material is worn round the waist.

Crepe de Chine, Alsatian veiling, and surah are reserved for evening dresses; as also are Greek and Tosca tulles, which are worn over colored silk under dresses.

Black Tosca tulle looks lovely over red surah. Some are quite plain, and some are spotted or figured. In either case, they are made immensely full in the skirt, and with full bodices, straight or crossed and gigantic full sleeves.

Travelling dresses, since we are now in full travelling season, are made excessively plain, but with great distinction. They must be both elegant and comfortable at the same time.

The hat, whatever its size and shape, should be trimmed only with a veil or ribbon, and be of the same color as the entire costume, which is generally gray. Even the gloves should be gray, like the dress.

The skirt of the dress is perfectly plain and full, and the bodice full, with a short over-jacket opened in front, a silk band round the waist, and a dust cloak to match with the dress. A bag to match with the dress falls on one side, and serves as a pocket.

Instead of the dust-cloak a long redingote in braided cloth, of the same color as the dress beneath, may be worn. The front is made to close to the neck, or to open, by throwing back the fronts, lined with silk.

Three or four capes, accompany this redingote, which is more dressy than the dust-cloak, though not quite so travelling like.

Braiding is very much used for travelling costumes. In fact, it trims well, is dressy, and does not crush like frills. All braiding, however, should be darker than the material of the dress itself.

Braiding is as much worn on travelling costumes as lace and embroidery are worn on evening and dinner dresses.

Passementeries, also, are employed on dinner dresses instead of embroidery, and form elegant trimmings for heavy materials.

Passementeries in insertion take quite the place of lace. Lace, on the contrary, is more used for puffings, frills, flounces, chemisettes, fichus, and other accessories to enrich our present style of straight lines.

Lace insertions are also used to trim plain skirts of transparent dresses. They are either laid flat on the material, or they are inlaid in the material, thus remaining transparent themselves. Sometimes these lace insertions are lined with a colored ribbon, but they look prettier and lighter unlined.

Ribbons also are abundantly used on dresses, however simple, and however dressy they may be. Some skirts are entirely striped with them from foot to waist, *a la Bayadere*. Sometimes they are placed crossways on the skirt, and sometimes lengthways.

Bodices are draped with them, and they are employed on skirts instead of hems and tucks, or they are run through the hems and tucks of transparent materials.

Fronts of dresses and the side panels of skirts are also striped with ribbons. There is quite a rage for this style of trimming, which, simple though it looks, is more expensive than we perhaps imagine.

The cut of dresses remains the same; either plain skirt and bodice, or plain skirt and tight redingote. These two styles have many variations, but in foundation they remain the same. Every day brings some little change in them, but only in trimming.

There is especially a great variety in sleeves. The most stylish are the large lace, gauze or silk sleeves of a different color from the dress, which remind us of the "angel" sleeves of our grandmothers.

Others are long, and opened from the shoulder downwards, with under sleeves for day wear. Long ribbons reaching almost to the ground are also placed on the shoulders of some dresses.

Young ladies wear mostly puffs, bows, and bretelles on the shoulders with their day costumes, and "baby" sleeves for evening.

Jackets of every shape and size are now seen. Some are short, some long, some are closed to the neck, and others are opened all down the front.

Some are made of cloth, others of Indian cashmere, and others again match the dresses with which they are worn. Some are of Puritan simplicity, whilst others are as elegant as they can be made.

There is the plain tailor jacket in cloth, and the braided jacket, and the jacket with moire lining and revers, and the silk jacket with embroidered revers.

Walking costumes are made with or without a jacket. The bodice is thin, tight, and open in front like a jacket, or it forms part of a polonaise or redingote.

One of the prettiest costumes is of white poult de soie, made with very full, plain skirt, forming waves in front, but falling quite straight at the back; full bodice, very full sleeves, a deep lace frill at the neck, and a white lace scarf round the waist.

A very wide brimmed hat, lined with drawn white poult de soie, like the dress, and trimmed outside with a pale blue crepe veil.

Another dress, something in the same style, was of moonlight blue cashmere, with a black lace hat, with wide brim, on the head. A very deep frill of black lace also fell from the neck to the shoulders.

Another dress was of striped Bengaline, brick and straw colors. Full bodice, full skirt, full sleeves, and a high pointed corselet of black velvet round the waist, with deep collar and sleeve cuffs to match. Large brimmed hat, trimmed with black feathers, forming fringe round the edge of the brim.

Odds and Ends.

CONCERNING RUSSIAN COOKERY.

In Russian cookery, to begin at the very beginning of the dinner, the *hors d'œuvres*, or Zakuski, as they are termed, are much the same as the "savories" used elsewhere. Only Zakuski consist largely of fish salted or smoked, caviare, cheese, which, by the way, is never eaten at the end of the repast, smoked sausages and gelantines of various kinds. These are supposed to create an appetite, and are preceded, on the part of the gentlemen, by a small wineglass or two of Vodka, the Russian whisky.

The most common winter soup is made of chopped sour cabbage, the basis of which is ordinary stock. Another cabbage soup is made from the fresh vegetable, cut in large pieces. This is served with sour cream, and little buckwheat cakes fried in butter.

A very favorite soup is the "Borsch," or beetroot soup, made with beetroot, bouillon, and a certain quantity of vinegar to correct the sweetness of the vegetable. Borsch is accompanied by "Vatrushki," small round cakes made of pastry, spread with curds and baked.

In Little Russia, borsch is made from goose, pork, mutton and beef, as the more varied the ingredients the better it is considered to taste.

"Ramolink" is a clear soup made of kidneys, the usual vegetables, salted cucumbers. Indeed, very many of the soups are composed of these salted vegetables, together with fish.

Before closing this part of our subject, we must mention the little pies which accompany all soups, and which are greatly approved of by foreigners when they come to Russia.

Some are of meat chopped fine and seasoned, others of boiled cabbage and hard boiled egg chopped fine, or of boiled rice and egg.

The paste is simply ordinary dough made with yeast, and when skilfully prepared these pies are very tasty additions to the first course.

The fish often occupies the place of the roast, and when this occurs it is served with salted cucumbers. All fish is frozen in winter-time, and is to be bought very cheap.

The ways of cooking fish there are those common everywhere, viz., frying and boiling. But sour cream as a sauce is a very frequent and piquant addition, and could, we think, be eaten with advantage with many fish known.

A favorite way of serving cold fish is in jelly made by boiling down the fish bones and adding a small quantity of gelatine. The fish is placed in a mould or shallow dish, and ornamented with slices of lemon and vegetables and the jelly poured over in the usual way. It is then eaten with horse-radish sauce.

Salmon is very expensive, sometimes not to be had unless the whole fish is bought. The sturgeon fills its place satisfactorily, however, and really could be eaten instead of meat, so firm and substantial is it. It is mostly eaten in cold slices, with sauce tartare and horseradish sauce.

Last, but not least in the opinion of epicures, is the far-famed Sterlet, now only to be found in the waters of the Neva. Sterlets are brought also in tanks to the interior, and placed in the ornamental basins which surround the fountains in the best restaurants.

When they are desired, a waiter fishes one out by means of a net, and carries it for approval to the intending diner. If not quite to his taste it is returned to the water and another fished out. This treatment does not greatly benefit the poor fish, and often, after a too long visit to the air, he is returned to his native element only to die.

The nicest way of cooking them is to stew them, and serve *a la jardiniere*, with sliced vegetables in a rich brown sauce.

About the cooking of meats of various kinds there is no great variety. The inevitable sour cream acts as sauce on many occasions.

For instance with "Bitki"—i. e., fresh meat chopped fine and made into round cakes, which are then fried; with "Boeuf strogonoff," beef cut into rather small oblong pieces and stewed; and with roast "Rabchicks," a small woodhen, the game most appreciated in those parts. This last is very nice formed into cutlets, known as "Pojarski," and served with a garni of vegetables.

A Siberian dish, which is a general favorite, is Pelmeni, a mixture of beef and pork, or beef and veal, with some suet, onions and nutmeg, the whole chopped and mixed so fine as to resemble sausage meat. A paste is made of eggs, flour and a little water, and cut into long strips. The chopped meat is then rolled into a strip of paste, and when sufficient pelmeni have been made they are put into a saucepan of boiling water. When sufficiently cooked they float to the top. They are then taken out by the strainer, and served with a little bouillon or warmed butter poured over them.

"I DESIRE a remedy for getting rid of a superfluity of hair," said a young fellow to a drug clerk. "I would advise you to tell a red-headed girl that a white horse is coming," said the clerk.

Confidential Correspondents.

N. E. R.—You want a tonic, and could not take a better than ten drops of steel in a wineglassful of water.

EIFFEL.—Soda makes the hair light in color, but it makes it brittle, and also ruins its glossy beauty and growth.

TOM.—You should write "while away the time," not "while away the time." The latter is nonsense, though commonly met with.

ELBERT.—The number 13 is considered unlucky only with reference to thirteen persons eating at the same table. The superstition is that one of them will die before the year is out.

GRACE.—We are sorry to find from your letter that you are so low-spirited. Do not think so much of yourself. There are twenty-five "I's" in a very short note; perhaps that shows what the true ailment is, i. e., too much self.

RUGBY.—There is nothing specially unlucky in being married in black. It is not bright attire, for what is supposed to be the happiest day of one's life, and it is usual to put on very deep mourning, for the wedding day at least.

PERPLEXED.—The question of a marriage between two people where the woman is older than the man seems to us so purely a personal one that we can only say, consider it well on all sides, but especially on the side of love, for if love and mutual esteem be present there is little to fear.

MATRON.—Of course Nature did not supply a man with beard for no reason. He is more exposed to the trials of damp and cold than the woman, whose natural duties keep her more in the shelter of home. For example, sailors, soldiers, masons, and other such like labors employed in out-door work.

SEVEN YEARS.—The only advice we can give you under the circumstances is to think less of yourself. Try and believe you are not of such extreme consequence to the people who meet and pass you that it is necessary for them to look at you. Probably not one in a hundred, unless it is someone who knows you, is aware of your existence.

AHMED.—You are evidently mixing up the two Mendelssohns',—the philosopher and the musician. The latter was the grandson of the former. There is no Mendelssohn music of the "last century"; the composer was born in 1809, and died in 1847. The philosopher, who was his grandfather, flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century.

THOUNCER.—The word "Nihilism" literally means nothingness; the Nihilists derive their name from their avowed determination to leave nothing of what exists in the way of political or social institutions. What is to come after their clearance is best known to themselves. They are an organised body of communistic reformers, and have existed as a body since the end of the Franco-Prussian war.

ALICIA.—An old-fashioned way of getting rid of moths out of a cupboard where clothes have been kept, is to wash the walls and floor with a strong decoction of tobacco, and then sprinkle freely with camphor. If it is any place where a current of air can be let through it, open every crevice that can be managed. Moths dislike fresh air. Hang all the articles that are infested with them out of doors as much as possible, shaking them quite frequently.

WAG.—To clean gilt picture frames, mix thoroughly by frequent shakings a very little soft-soap—about as much as would cover a quarter—with half a pint of rain water which has previously been boiled, then add a wineglassful of spirits of harts-horn, and shake up well. Apply this carefully with a soft camel-hair brush, and after it has remained there a minute or two, wash it away with perfectly clean water, freely used; dry in a draught, or in the sunshine.

PHILOLOG.—The gale in the phrase, "gale of rent," is quite a different word from the gale in a "gale of wind," and is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning a rent or duty. Supposing an Irish tenant paid his rent in half yearly instalments, one of these instalments would then be a gale rent. A hanging gale means a gale still left unpaid on each rent day. In the case supposed, a gale would be hanging over the tenant that was half a year behind with his rent.

GRATEFUL.—The nails are appendages of the skin, and belong to the same continuous system. They are therefore affected by almost every condition which influences the skin. A discordant, nervous, and digestive system, for example, affects the nails. From your account, we should suppose something of the kind was the matter. In treating them, avoid the use of the penknife, and press back the flesh at the root of the nails with the damp towel, when washing the hands. You had better also take a doctor's advice about your diet, etc.

UNFORTUNATE WIDOW.—Your age, fifty-six would not prevent your being taken into most beneficial societies, or in an insurance company, but the fact that you suffer from chronic rheumatism, would we fear be an insurmountable objection. Still there are hundreds of societies in this city, whose object is mutual help, and among them you might find some that would admit you in spite of that. Any neighbor or friend, your doctor or minister, knowing your private circumstances should be certainly able to advise you. Ask their judgement in the matter.

TIZZ.—Teaching a parrot to talk is a tedious business. The bird should be covered up while it is having its lesson, so that its attention may not be distracted. The word or phrase to be learned should be repeated to it clearly and distinctly. This should be done several times a day, and for some time perhaps the bird will seem to be learning nothing. All at once you will hear what you have repeated, then after a little while you can go on another phrase. Like every other creature, a parrot will learn a second lesson much more quickly than the first. It gets to understand what is meant by the instruction.

T. T. P.—There is nothing wrong in writing with a lead-pencil to a lady or gentleman, on a love or business matter. Nor does it matter whether the acquaintanceship be an intimate one or not. Generally speaking a love-letter, or any kind of a letter, is better written in ink, but is this not essential. 2. "My Dear Friend" or "Dear Friend" or "Dear Miss———" are all suitable and permissible forms of address. 3. "Would you be so kind as to accompany me" is an excellent way to word the invitation. 4. In getting on the train you help the lady on first and then follow. 5. Your hand-writing would take the first prize, but we have seen a great deal that was much worse. You could very easily improve it.